



LIFE

BIG GUN

JANUARY 1, 1945

10 CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



"I do my daydreaming right here!"

"And, believe it or not, the dreams are about the day I leave home! Don't get me wrong . . . I love it here. Mother knows how to keep her houseful cheery as larks! No breakfast grouches . . . no weary blues. Small chance of *that* when each of us starts the day with a lathery shower . . . and a song-coaxing workout with a Cannon towel.

"That's just it! Home is wonderful, but I can't wait till Jim comes back to feather one of our own! With a bathroom beautiful as all get-out. And Cannon towels for two . . . he-size ones and me-size ones . . . bright as a flower-bed, in thick, soft heaps. Big dreams for a fledgling pair like us? Uhuh. . . Cannon prices, I know, will make the outlay sweet and low."

Let your imagination off its leash when you make your Cannon bathroom plans! Once our war orders are ended, there'll be new shades . . . the smartest yet . . . textures, designs and matched sets galore to start brides off on their best foot, and brighten the homes they leave behind! Whatever your taste or budget, there will be towels to fit . . . because Cannon, the world's largest maker, can promise variety and value besides.



Cannon Towels

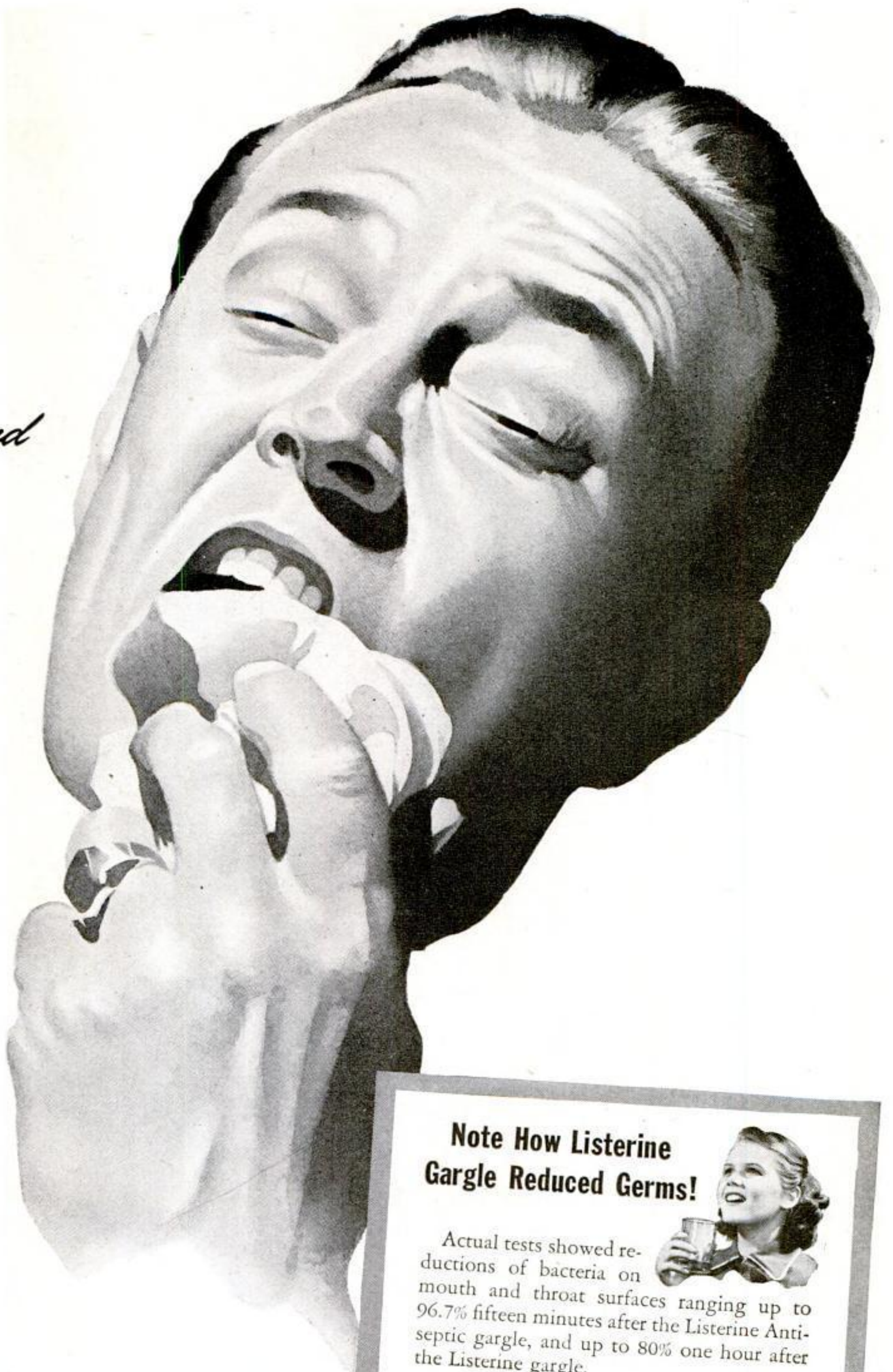
CANNON SHEETS

CANNON HOSIERY



Get after that cold in the 1st round

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *Quick!*



THE TIME to fight a cold is at the very start . . . before potentially troublesome germs in the throat can stage a "mass invasion" of the tissue to aggravate the infection.

In short, attack these germs before they attack you.

Fewer Colds, Tests Showed

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "Secondary Invaders."

Medical men say that though many colds may be started by a virus, these threatening "Secondary Invaders" can make it complicated and are responsible for much of its discomfort and misery.

Prompt and frequent antiseptic action against them may help Nature nip the cold "in the bud," or reduce its severity once it

has developed. That goes, too, for simple sore throat.

Tests made during twelve years of research bear this out. Here is what they showed:

That regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and sore throats, and usually had milder colds than non-Listerine Antiseptic users.

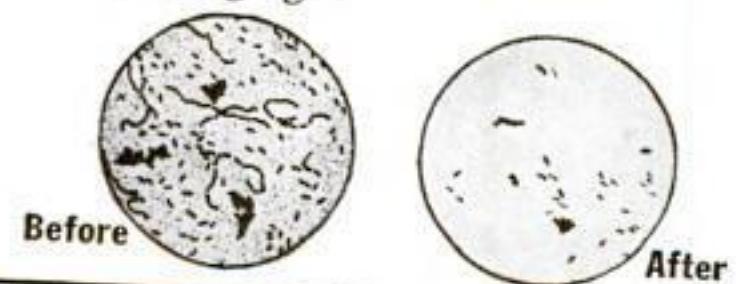
So, remember! At the first sneeze, snuffle, chill or cough, get started with Listerine Antiseptic *at once* and *use it often*. This intelligent precaution may help spare you an uncomfortable siege of illness.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

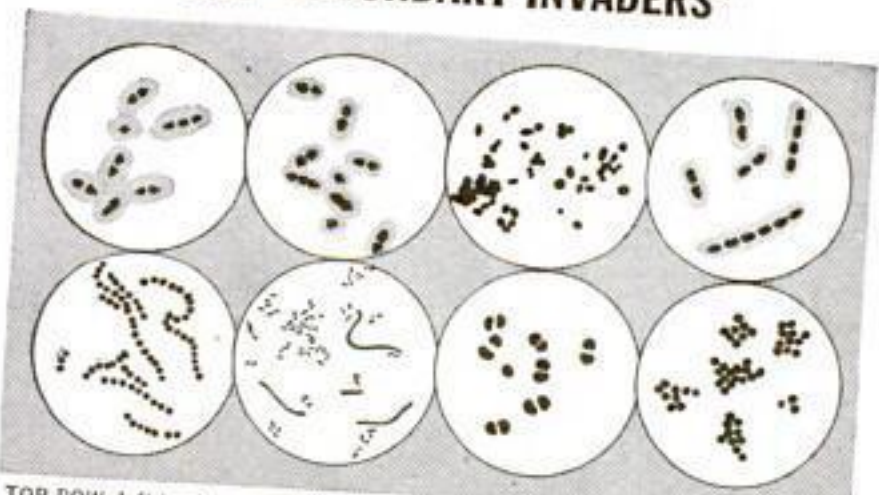
Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs!



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.



THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

IN SERVICE MORE THAN 60 YEARS

This One



1Q38-RQ9-0553

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TEEN-AGE GIRLS

Sirs:
Thanks a million for "Teen-age Girls" (LIFE, Dec. 11). Now maybe the older generation will realize that we aren't all juvenile delinquents!

LEE MILLER

Packanack Lake, N. J.

Sirs:
Thanks loads for your simply super article. It's just wonderful being shown as humans.

JULIA KREIS

Essex, Conn.

Sirs:
When we come home again we want to talk, sing and dance with the same kind of teen-age girls we all left. After reading your article we look forward to our next furlough.

PVT. GEORGE J. THEOBALD, JR.
Fort Sill, Okla.

Sirs:
It appears extremely silly to us for these girls to be so childish as to refuse to appear clean, decent and, when possible, beautiful, by wearing civilized clothes, using a necessary amount of make-up and acting like moderately intelligent American girls.

THEODORE GOULD III

Middlesex School
Concord, Mass.

Sirs:
Your article on the teen-age girl is nothing short of a miracle. How you figured out what they want, think and like is beyond us.

J. IGLEHEART

The Choate School
Wallingford, Conn.

Sirs:
Give us more, dear teacher, give us more—information about the beautiful blonde Miss Pat Woodruff.

AMM 1/C EDWARD LEIPERSOCK
Corry Field
Pensacola, Fla.

● Pat Woodruff, 17, loves cinnamon toast, comfortable clothes, Frank Sinatra, football and a stuffed giraffe.—ED.

Sirs:
Zounds and egad man, is that is or is that ain't a cigaret Pat Woodruff is clutching in her right meathook? Of all the saggy hags



NO GASPER

I have ever dated, only one smoked, and she did it to be cute. There is nothing cute about a young girl who is continually stoking a gasper.

V. S. PETTERSON

Chicago, Ill.

● Uh-uh, it's a pencil.—ED.

Sirs:
We have a complaint to make. Since when have boys ranked second in the consideration of teen-age girls?

C. T. BRUMBACK

Culver Military Academy
Culver, Ind.

Sirs:
Unfortunately a great many of us here believe LIFE did a thorough job of sugar-coating the topic. When are the editors going to stop looking at the country through rose-colored glasses and become aware that towns like Webster Groves, Mo. are the

exception in a country filled with overcrowded cities and boom towns?

I wonder if the editors of LIFE have ever walked through Boston Commons or Times Square—those are teen-age girls, too. Perhaps the girls who waltzed through LIFE were figments of the imagination of some middle-aged editor—dreaming of Utopia?

DONALD S. RUGOFF

Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

● Boston and New York are not America.—ED.

Sirs:
Sure we have our fun, and we are pretty silly at times. But we are living in a world that is at war and we know it. Our parents are overworked, worried and tired. Our boy-

and not at all self-assured about the whole thing? Really, most of us are doing a lot of serious thinking, both about the future of this whole world and our own personal future, especially since we will have to decide the course of the latter very shortly.

Maybe the teen years are the setting for the perfect stage of life, but it isn't as easy being a teen-ager as most people seem to think!

ELEANOR FERRARI

South Glastonbury, Conn.

Sirs:
I thought I belonged to a group of fathers unable to fathom teen-age girls. Now it seems I am one of many thousands. To me the most interesting part of the article was on the subject of the telephone. Come hell or high

Sirs:
... If I ever catch my sister wearing my pants, it will be the last pair of pants that she will wear.

ROBERT ADAMS

Cheshire Academy
Cheshire, Conn.

Sirs:
I'm a teen-age girl but I don't like swing music. We like opera so much that at the fall season we stood more than three hours to



PINZA

hear that great music and those great singers. Look what a man Ezio Pinza is, and then take a look at Sinatra.

IRENE HENNIGER

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:
To me the most amazing thing was their hair. How do they do it? I've always wanted mine to look like that, but I've had no success.

ANN RED

Teague, Texas

● They do it with rags.—ED.

Sirs:
How about lying on the floor with the telephone perched on the abdomen? I find that the most comfortable. Our favorite expressions are "love to" and "things are tough all over."

PAT TENNANT

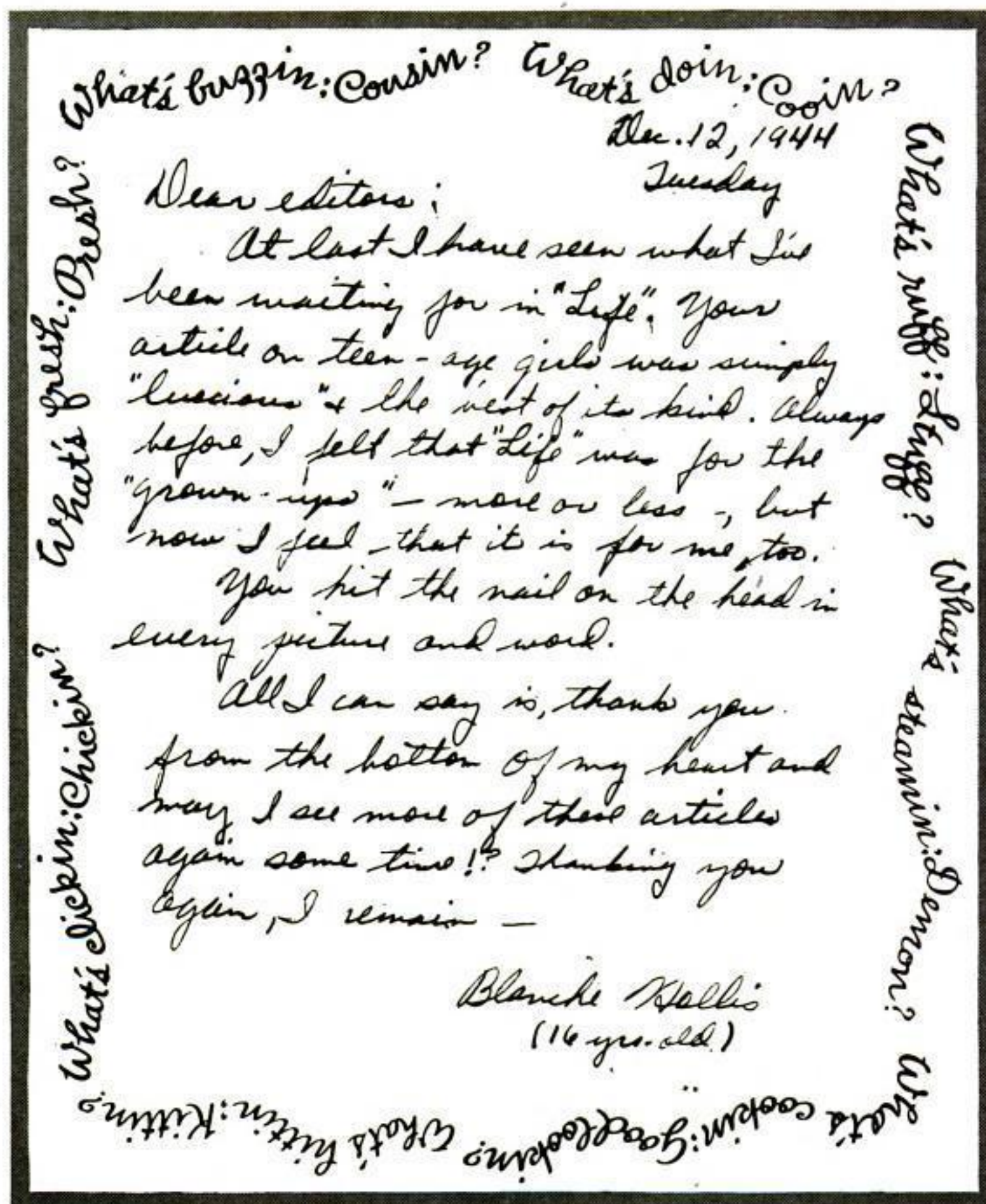
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Sirs:
Before you print another article on teen-agers PLEASE CONSULT some Southern girls because, after all, we still exist.

JEAN SWARTWOUT

Pascagoula, Miss.

● Things are tough all over.—ED.



friends, brothers and fathers are going off to fight and a lot of them aren't going to come back. We listen to the news, we read the papers and, above all, we are the ones who are going to play the major role in keeping the peace after the war is won.

ALISON FARRAR

Scarborough, N.Y.

Sirs:
The girls (and boys) in the U.S. are more serious-minded, I have come to believe, than their parents ever were as youths.

In my own home town a high percentage of young people are active members of Youth Fellowships run in the various churches. We made a study of the racial and minority problem here in the U.S. We invited young Negro and Jewish persons out to our church, where we discussed the problem freely and honestly. Besides this, a great many of the high-school girls and boys are giving up their Saturdays, Christmas and summer vacations to work in stores, Army depots, on the railroad.

BARBARA CARMER

Delmar, N.Y.

Sirs:
Too many people believe that we are just empty-headed and thoughtless. Have they ever stopped to realize that this could be just a pose used by some 6,000,000 girls to hide the fact that they are terribly bewildered

water the telephone seems to be the kids' property. I may lose hundreds of dollars because business friends cannot contact me, but that is nothing compared to the importance of "gab fests."

KENNETH W. HUME

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:
Our Nancy, 15, loves to make endless telephone calls. One night she was at it again. I had to make an urgent call myself, but she kept on jabbering into the phone, "Daddy is mad. He looks so cute when he is mad."

Well, gentlemen, that did it. Before I realized what I was doing I had Nancy firmly across my lap (face downward) and administered on her tight and not too substantial blue jeans the most resounding spanking she had ever had since her tomboy days several years ago. A near-by ping-pong paddle came in handy for the operation. After it was all over we were both pretty surprised, but Nancy has cut down considerably on her telephone conversations.

FATHER'S NAME WITHHELD

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:
White socks are swell, but loud-striped socks, purchased in the men's stores, are even better.

MARIAN RUBIN

Baltimore, Md.

LIFE is published weekly by TIME INC. at 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago 16, Illinois. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1936 at the Post Office, at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Subscription rates: One year, \$4.50 in the U. S. A.; \$5.50 (Canadian dollars) in Canada including duty and exchange; \$6.00 in Pan American Union; elsewhere, \$10.00. Single copies in the U. S. A., 10¢; Canada, 12¢; U. S. Territories & Possessions, 15¢; elsewhere, 25¢. Special rates for members of the armed forces in U. S. or addressed to APO or FPO, \$3.50.

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LIFE
January 1, 1945

Volume 18
Number 1

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



The tire with the built-in rock absorber

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

TRUCKS like this one move and dump ten and twelve-ton loads as easily and almost as quickly as you throw a shovelful of coal in the furnace.

But when one of these big tires hits a rock, it's a piledriver blow, a sharp impact with tons behind it. And rocks just can't be avoided in off-the-road service. Big four and five-foot tires are costly (the rear tires in the picture cost \$650 apiece). Often, under impact,

these tires bruised, blew out. This meant expensive delays, repairs or discarding the tire.

B. F. Goodrich engineers set to work, developed a new principle of tire construction, put a "rock absorber" under the tread to provide greater protection against bruising and blow-outs. Between the tread and the plies of the tire they put four breakers, layers of rubber-coated rayon cord

fabric, insulated them with cushions of special shock-resisting rubber.

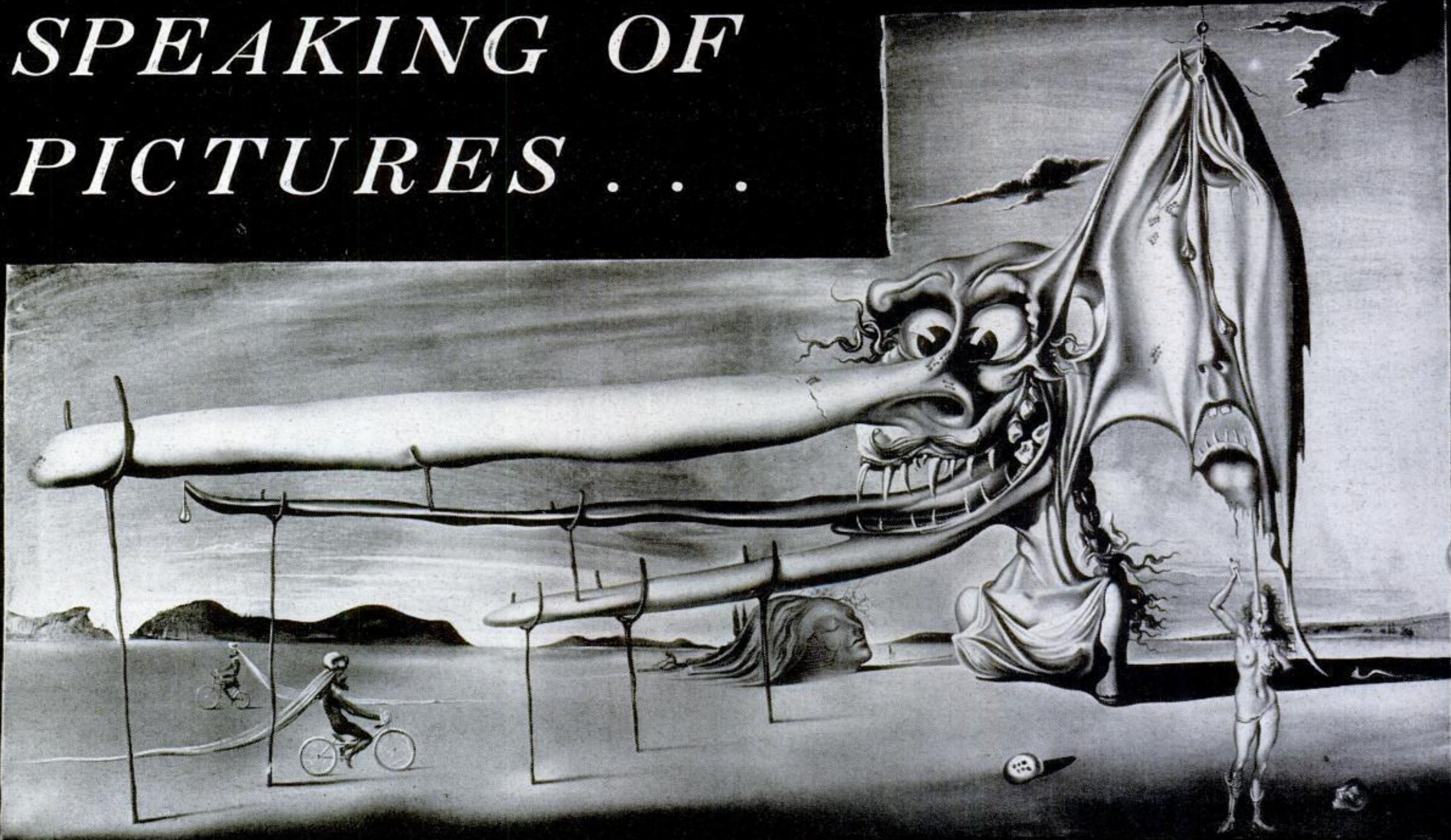
Under impact the cords in these breakers stretch and return to their original position, distributing the force of the blow and allowing it to be absorbed by the rubber between them. Thus the shock passed on to the cord body of the tire is greatly reduced.

Users say their records show B. F. Goodrich tires built this way often last twice as long. Repair bills are cut. Delays reduced.

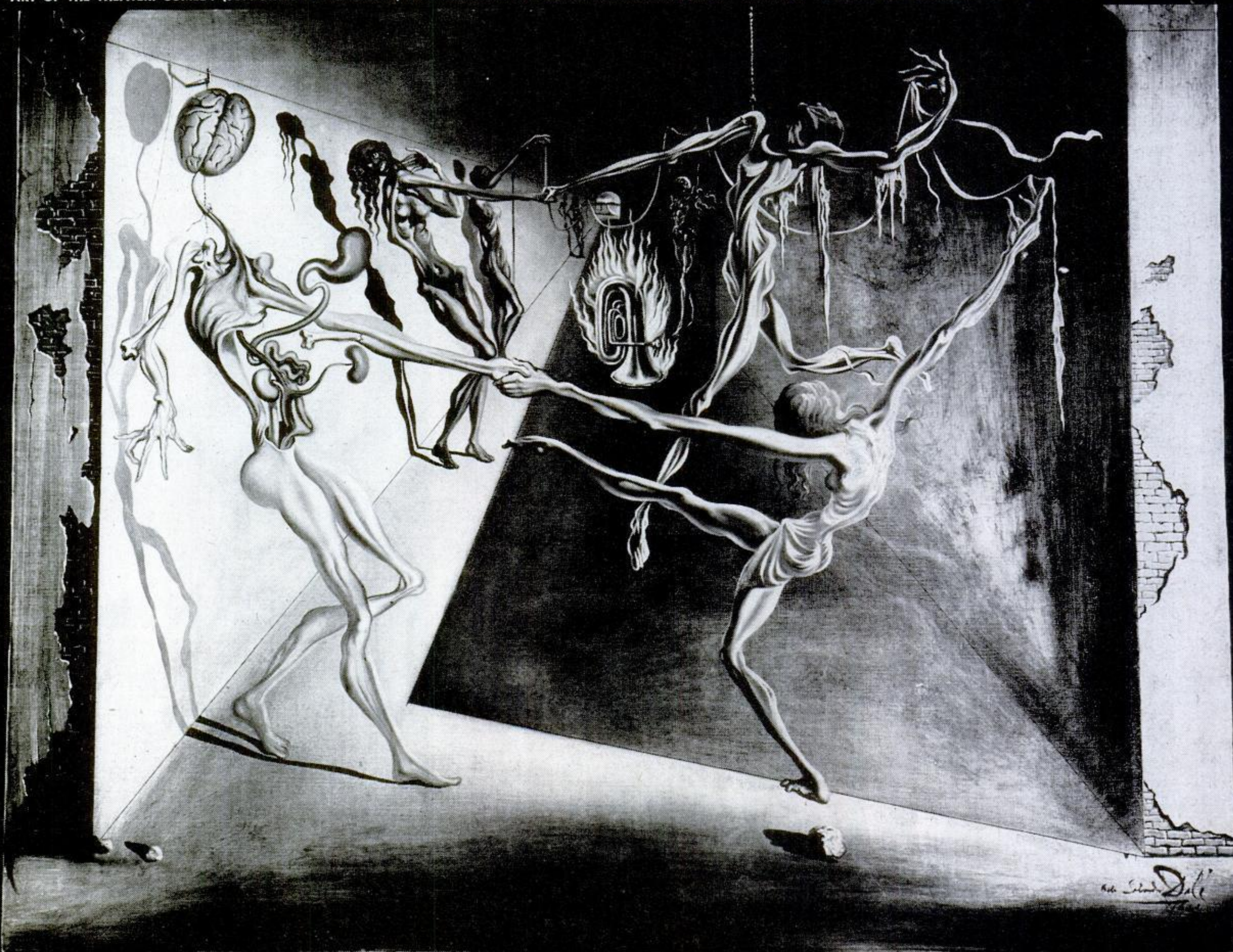
This development is typical of those going on constantly at B. F. Goodrich. Developments which improve the service of tires for trucks, buses, passenger cars, airplanes, farm tractors, farm implements and industrial equipment. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B. F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .



ART OF THE THEATER: COMEDY (SUPPORTED ON CRUTCHES) AND TRAGEDY ARE UNITED LIKE SIAMESE TWINS. CRUTCHES, CYCLISTS AND SPHINXLIKE HEAD ARE PRIVATE DALI SYMBOLS

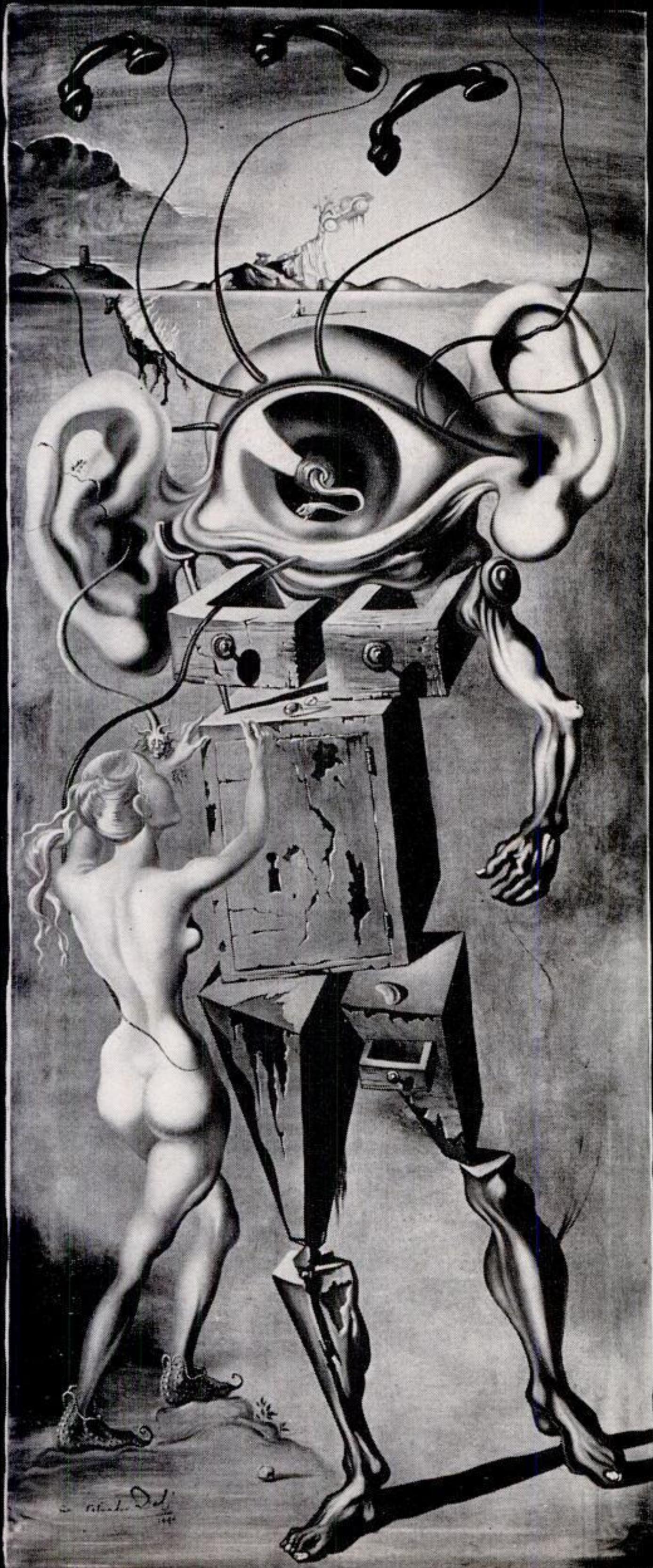


ART OF BOOGIE-WOOGIE: HOT BOOGIE RHYTHMS HAVE CENTRIPETAL EFFECT ON THE VISCERA, INDUCE FRENZIED, DISJOINTED DANCING. BOOGIE-WOOGIE MAKES DALI FEEL SUBTERRANEAN

... DALI PAINTS THE SEVEN LIVELY ARTS

People who don't care for the accompanying pictures are cautioned against saying that their 6-year-old son could do better because the answer is that he could not unless he is crazy. Salvador Dali, who painted them, is not only unbalanced to begin with but makes a business of seeming crazier than he is. His paintings are deliberately irrational, reflecting the phantasmagoria of Dali's unconscious mind. Hence they make no sense to anybody but Dali and usually not even to him.

Nevertheless Dali is a great draftsman, perhaps even a great artist. These paintings were commissioned by Billy Rose to symbolize the arts incorporated in his new review, the *Seven Lively Arts* (LIFE, Dec. 25). Coming upon them unexpectedly, innocent patrons of the lounge facilities are sometimes stunned into temporary insensibility. This delights Dali, whose principal ambition is to "cretinize the masses"—i.e., drive everybody nuts.



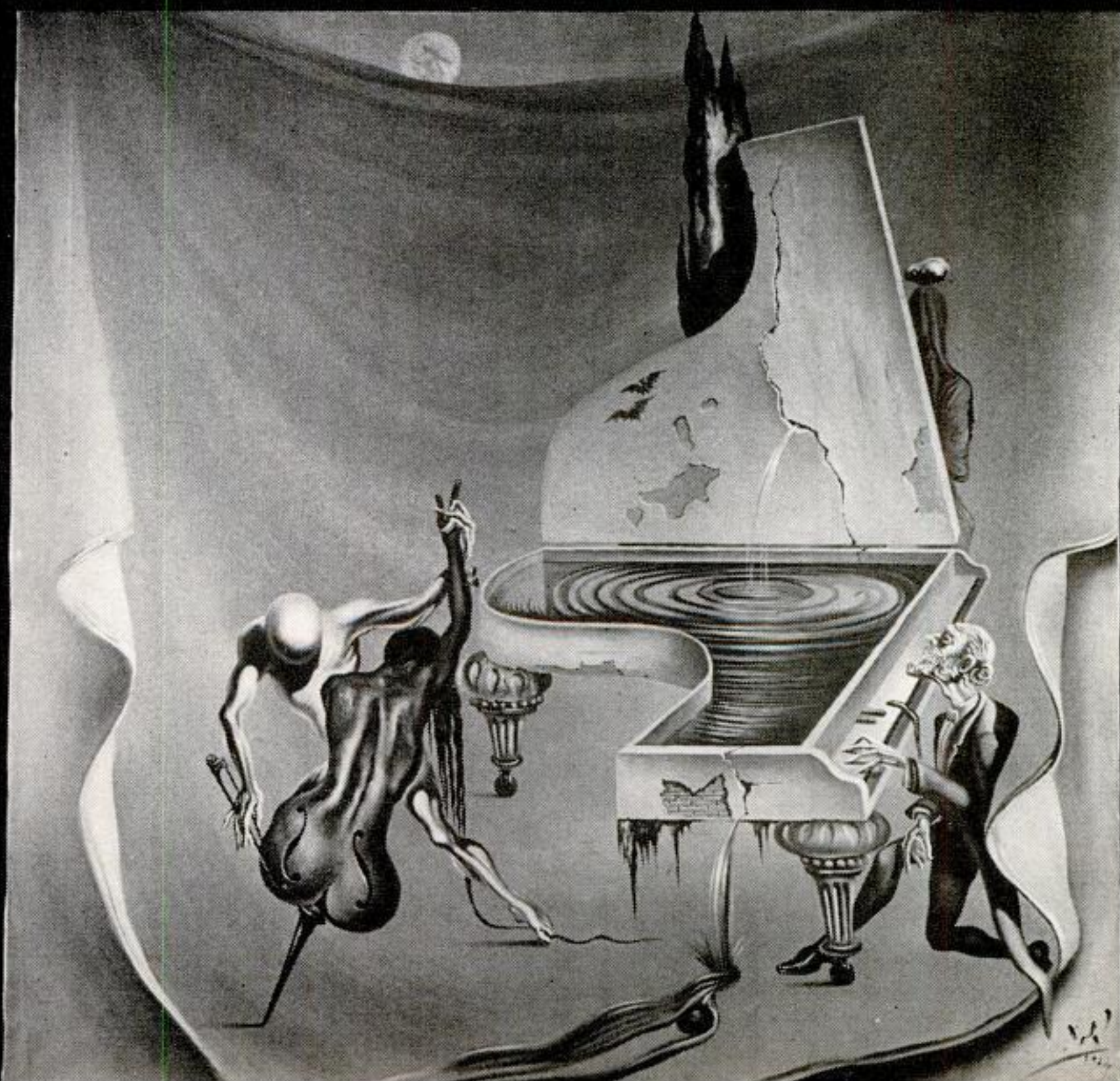
ART OF CINEMA: BLONDE IS ATTRACTED BY TELEPHONES, TENTACLES OF HOLLYWOOD



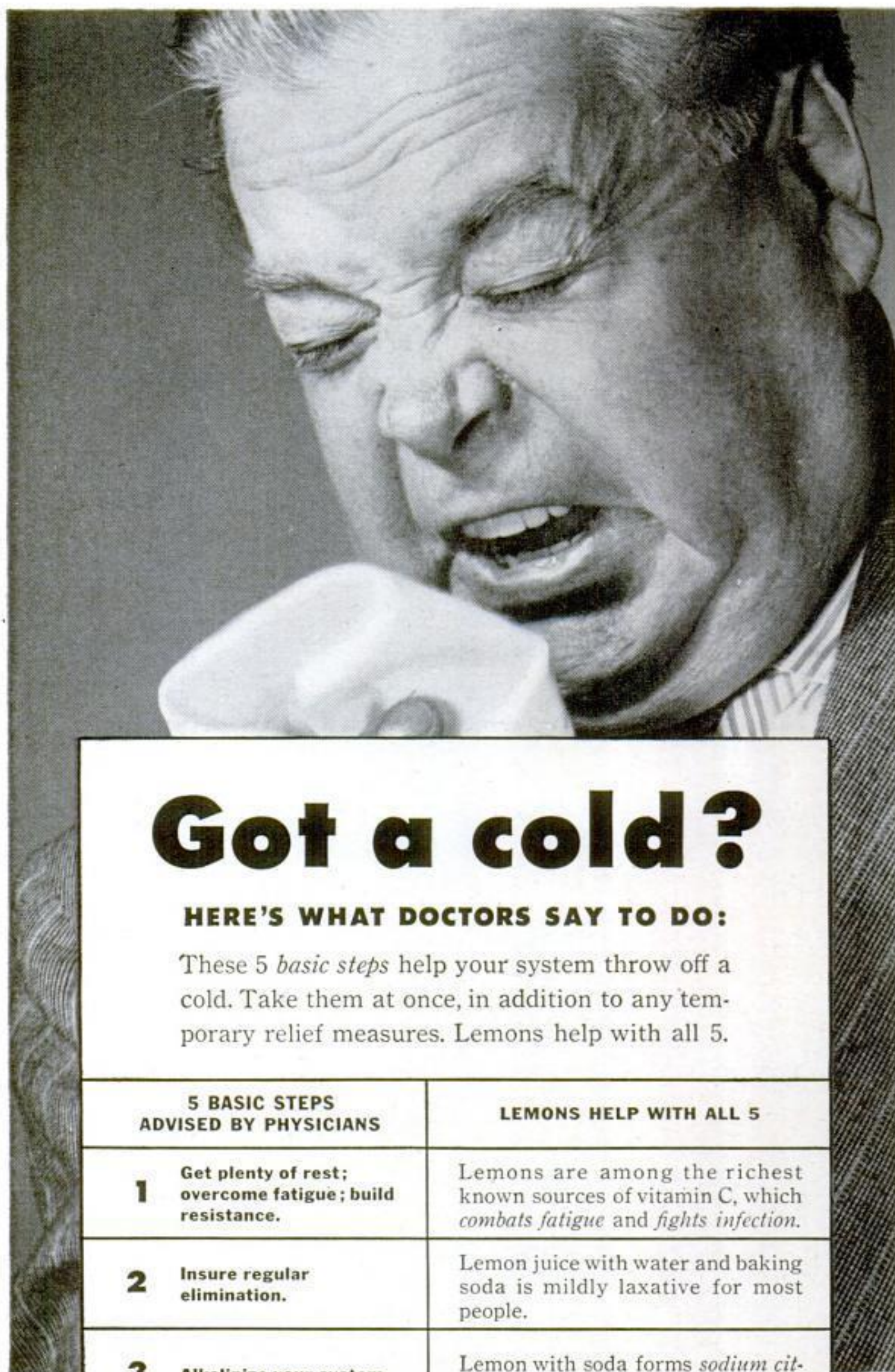
ART OF THE OPERA: HORSE OF THE VALKYRIE ISSUES FROM SINGER'S MOUTH AND SPROUTS CONDUCTOR



ART OF THE BALLET: APPLAUDED BY LOBSTER, DANCERS HALF-METAMORPHIZE INTO SHAPELY CRAYFISH



ART OF THE CONCERT: LIQUID MUSIC OF PIANIST EVOKES IMAGES: BATS, MOON, TREES, TWILIGHT



Got a cold?

HERE'S WHAT DOCTORS SAY TO DO:

These 5 *basic steps* help your system throw off a cold. Take them at once, in addition to any temporary relief measures. Lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which <i>combats fatigue</i> and <i>fights infection</i> .
2 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda is mildly laxative for most people.
3 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon with soda forms <i>sodium citrate</i> , an excellent alkalinizer.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate*. Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising*.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

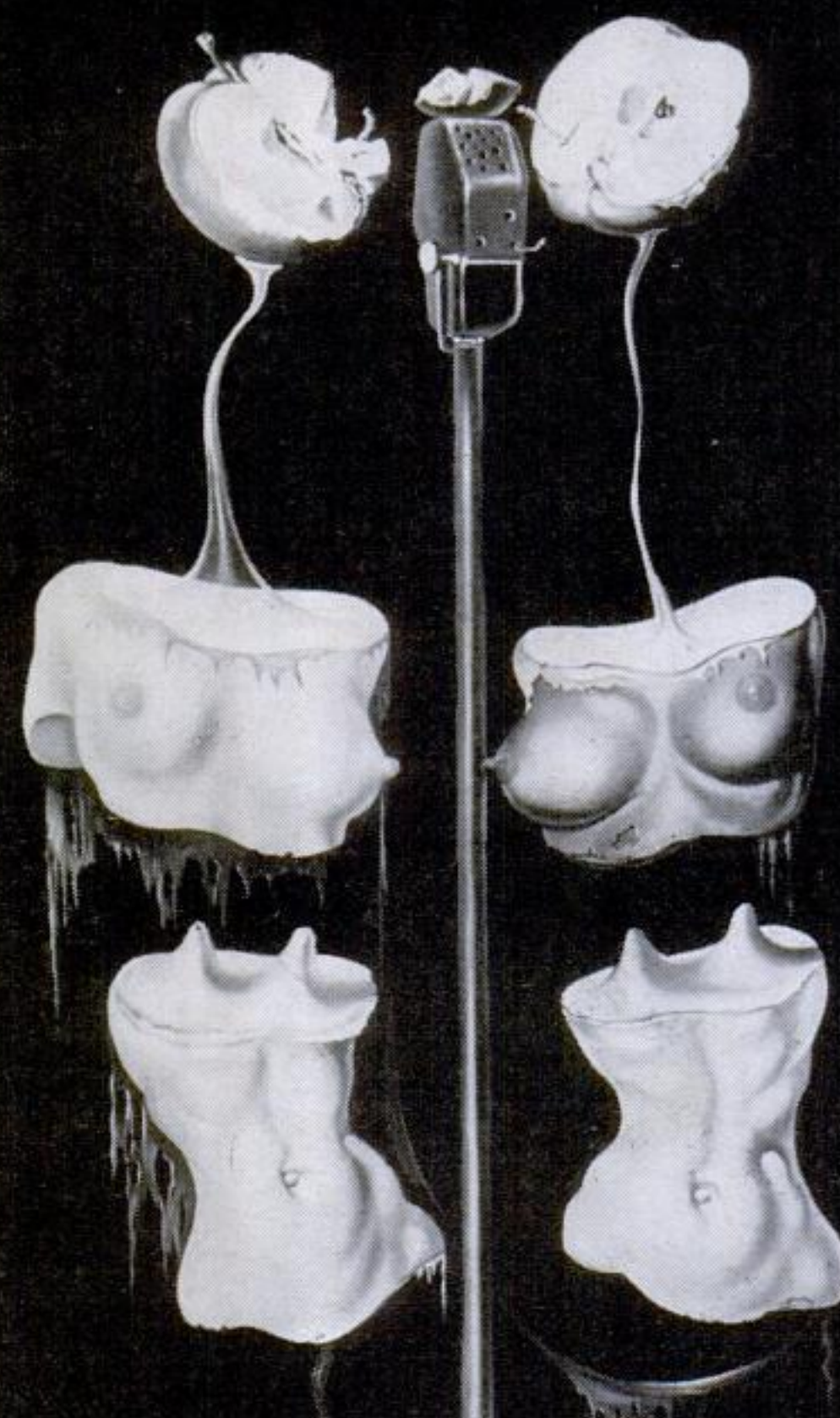
**WHEN YOU TAKE COLD.
TAKE LEMONS**



California
**Sunkist
Lemons**

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES (continued)



ART OF RADIO: IT REMINDS DALÍ OF WORMY APPLES AND DISMEMBERED TORSOS



DALÍ PAINTED THE ARTS LOCKED IN A CUBBYHOLE HIGH IN ZIEGFELD THEATER

**SURE YOU'LL
BE PROUD OF IT...**



There's a *Ford* in your future!

➤ It's only human nature to be proud of things you like. And when your new Ford car arrives—some day not far away—you'll want the world to know it's yours!

... Your friends will call it "handsome". For your new Ford will have smart and youthful styling. It will be big, roomy,

sturdy—rich appearing, inside and out. ... Naturally, this new car will offer the traditional Ford economy and reliability. And it will reflect all the skilled craftsmanship and experience which Ford has gained in more than 40 years.

... Yes, we're getting ready now. Our production plans and our designs will

be all set when we get the necessary "go-ahead". Then we're going to start making "the Ford in your future."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



It's different . . .
It's exclusive . . .
It's patented . . .

IT'S

Waterproofed!



50¢

Dr. West's comes
in 3 shapes



Regular "Double Convex", America's favorite design. See how it cleans.



Professional "Double Convex", for smaller dental arches.



Straight Plane, a brush head shape that many dentists prefer.

Bristles can't clean when they're soggy and limp. So get the extra cleansing power of "Exton" brand bristling. Protected by patented waterproofing, it's anti-soggy...cleans better, lasts longer.

Copr. 1945 by Weeco Products Company



GUARANTEED FOR A YEAR

Thanks to "Exton" brand bristling and superior construction the Miracle-Tuft gives 12 full months of effective service. See for yourself on a money-back guarantee!



SEALED IN GLASS

This vital health safeguard is the greatest *plus value* ever put in a toothbrush. And it was *originated* by Dr. West's. Play safe . . . get a Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush.



"EXTON" BRAND BRISTLING

Different! Protected by the *only* patent granted for waterproofing a toothbrush. "Exton" brand bristling won't split, break off or shed. Make the "pliers test."

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LIFE'S COVER

The soldier on the cover is greasing the breechblock of an eight-inch gun somewhere in Western Europe. An eight-inch gun can fire a 260-pound shell every minute or, theoretically, 175 tons of machined steel per day. In the same period it can also burn 76 tons of smokeless powder. In the critical battle now being fought on Germany's Western Front, the ravenous appetites of the guns and other machines have portended future munitions shortages unless production can be increased. For more about the U. S. crisis in production, see pages 11-19.

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LIFE'S PICTURES



Dmitri Kessel has been in Greece for LIFE since the British first turned on the lights in Athens (LIFE, Nov. 13). He wrote back that he liked Athens better than any other city he knew. In proof of this are his superb pictures on pages 53-59 showing the city's ancient treasures. Kessel also wrote that he wished he could show Americans what the German occupation had been like; he said no photograph would convey the full horror of it. Horrific enough was his magnificent report of Greece's tragedy (LIFE, Nov. 27)

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44—BROWN BROS.—painting by WALDO PEIRCE courtesy PEPSI-COLA CO.—ARTISTS FOR VICTORY; painting by GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS © AMERICAN ARTISTS GROUP, INC. courtesy MIDTOWN GALLERIES—painting by NICK VOGLEIN courtesy THE U.S. TIME CORP.; painting by PAUL SAMPLE © AMERICAN ARTISTS GROUP, INC., courtesy ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, INC.
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65, 66, 68—SOVPHOTO
71, 72, 73—RALPH MORSE
74—WALTER SANDERS
76—GEORGE SILK

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News



SEND YOUR MONEY TO HELP — BUY
WAR BONDS, AND HOLD ON TO THEM!

WE'RE MAKING TELECHRON ALARM CLOCKS AGAIN!

A recent WPB survey showed that 12½ million American families need and want alarm clocks. We're pitching in to help by making the Telechron Alarm Clock shown here. They're being made in our own factories in non-critical labor areas, without interfering with Telechron's important war work.

This new alarm is the first of many attractive new Telechron clocks that will bring you trustworthy, trouble-free time all over the house. And, of course, they are long lived — need no winding, oiling, or regulating. Watch for them. When you buy a Telechron, you get a clock made by the "Makers of Modern Time."

Telechron

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
ASHLAND • MASSACHUSETTS



SHELLS MADE IN 1918 ARE USED AT THE FRONT. SUCH IS THE NEED FOR SHELLS THAT SOME OF THEM—EIGHT-INCH SHELLS—ARE MADE, SHIPPED AND EVEN FIRED IN 18 DAYS

NAZIS ATTACK AS PRODUCTION LAGS

Instead of a German surrender by Christmas, once expected even by Prime Minister Churchill, the American people last week saw the regrouped and strengthened German armies launch a mighty offensive into Belgium threatening the Allied supply base at Liege and the port of Antwerp. In the first six days the Germans rolled 35 miles. From the front came information that this was the great bid of the German armies for victory, that it was by far the greatest battle in American history. The all-out German objective was to split the American front. If they succeeded, the Allies would face a military disaster. If they fell short of their grand objective, the Allies still faced a prolonged war. Even those who said Germany was risking more speedy defeat by an all-or-nothing move were cautious in their predictions.

Reading their newspapers at Christmastime, the American people, rightly or wrongly, could not help but feel a sense of guilt. Had they not just been told

of the shortages of ammunition at the front? U. S. infantrymen were sometimes fighting without adequate artillery support. American artillerymen were using shells made in 1918 (above). General Somervell himself said 331,479 men and women were required to produce the war materials desperately needed. The War Production Board announced that 40% of production was behind schedule. Whose fault was it?

The Army and WPB explained the situation carefully. Shortages at the front were the result not of inadequate production but of strained supply lines. There was enough of everything, provided it could reach the front, to take care of all the Army's needs—now. The problem was to keep the Army from suffering because of a lack of supplies two or three or six months from now. The Army supply system is like a pipeline. If industrial production slows down, the pipeline flow of supplies will grow thinner. Only by keeping it jammed with materials can the Army

be sure of maintaining an adequate volume of supplies at the fighting fronts. And in many cases the expenditure of materials has been exceeding production.

The WPB tried to explain whose fault it was. Forty percent was caused by an upsurge in requirements. (Implication was that Army foresight might have been better.) Twenty-six percent is caused by design changes, 12% by lack of facilities, 22% by labor shortages. (The people are responsible there.)

On the following pages are pictures from the Western Front showing the fantastic waste of war and on page 18 is a summary of the WPB report telling the American people where they stand on replacements for these supplies. The WPB, announcing increased production quotas, last week gave a grim idea of how big a job replacement would be as a result of the German offensive. "We may," said its chairman, "have to completely re-equip the First Army."



Shell is rammed into 155-mm. Long Tom by a gun crew of the First Army. Cases have been reported of infantry attacking without support because artillery had used up its quota of shells.



Powder is put in. A crew like this one can fire 2,000 rounds a day. To give adequate support to the infantry in France, the artillery must fire 4,000-5,000 pounds of ammunition every minute.



Breach is closed and final aiming calculations made. In November American forces expended 1,147,322 rounds of 105-mm. howitzer and 38,498 rounds of 8-in. and 240-mm. ammunition.



Gun goes off, aimed at the target in the Saar valley. Ammunition is so important that batteries like this one send their trucks right to the railheads, instead of to supply dumps, to get it.



155-MM. HOWITZER IS "DEADLINED" FOR LACK OF AMMUNITION. SUCH A GUN IS SUPPOSED TO FIRE A ROUND EVERY 20 SECONDS, BUT GOOD CREWS FIRE IT EVERY FIVE SECONDS

U. S. TROOPS IN EUROPE NEED HEAVY ARTILLERY AMMUNITION MOST OF ALL

The need for heavy artillery ammunition is the greatest of all the Army's needs in Europe. In Germany and France troops are firing 6,000,000 rounds of artillery ammunition and 2,000,000 rounds of mortar ammunition a month—much more than current production. General Eisenhower said that Aachen could have been taken earlier had enough shells and ammunition been available. A member of a 155-mm. crew, returned to the U. S., testified that when his crew landed in Nor-

mandy they were firing 2,000 rounds a day, but when they got to Aachen they were so short of ammunition they could fire only 50 rounds.

Responsibility for the shortage in ammunition and shell production rests mainly with the acceleration of the European ground war. Today on the long Western Front, against the prepared defensive positions and bitter German resistance, the Army is learning again the supreme importance of a gun, particularly a big one.

EMPTY SHELL CASINGS AND POWDER BAGS IN FRANCE. IN NOVEMBER U. S. TROOPS IN ETO LOST IN COMBAT 11,287 SMALL ARMS, 5,801 MORTARS AND LIGHT WEAPONS, 3,542 VEHICLES





Worn-out truck tires are piled in ordnance depot near Paris. Here Major General Henry B. Sayler, chief ordnance officer

of ETO, examines two tires. The one at left has gone 35,000 miles, will be good for more when recapped. It has been well

driven. The one at right has gone only 2,500 miles. Its driver ran his car to his repair depot on the tire after it was flat.



THOUSANDS OF OLD TIRES AND BLOWN-OUT INNER TUBES ARE PILED NEAR THE FRONT. THE MOBILE TIRE-REPAIR COMPANIES INSPECT SUCH PILES FOR TIRES THEY CAN FIX UP

MORE THAN 5,000 TIRES WEAR OUT ON THE WESTERN FRONT EVERY 24 HOURS

One reason for the holdup of ammunition at the front is the way tires on supply trucks wear out. On the Western Front alone there are about a half-million U. S. wheeled vehicles in operation. Accordingly some 3,000,000 tires are rolling there day and night. Of these more than 5,000 are rendered useless every 24 hours. French roads, which bear the brunt of military traffic, have not been repaired for four or five years. They are filled with tin cans, shell fragments, rubble, barbed wire. Near the front, tires often get direct hits. Unfortunately at present there are no large stocks of tires in depots in the U. S. and trucks are being sent overseas without tires. So great is the current demand it is far above the production capacity of the industry. To meet such a huge demand Army ordnance has also put European tire factories back to work making tires from raw material shipped from the U. S.

What is true of tires is, in general, true of most other material. Except for such cases as those cited on page 12, few soldiers at the front have yet suffered from a lack of supplies. According to General Brehon B. Somervell, head of the Army Service Forces, such a lack is prospective, not immediate, and will occur only if production is not raised. To help raise essential production the Army is releasing men for war jobs. Some 1,000 soldiers have been released to foundries and 1,000 skilled production workers to tire plants for work on heavy-duty tires. In addition the nation's draft boards were ordered to resume inducting all men under 38 who are not in war work.



Sectionally repaired tires, which have had bullet holes in them, are inspected by T/Sgt. Stephen A. Hudek of Akron, Ohio. These tires will be used again for hauling supplies from the rear up to the front.



U.S. TANKS DESTROYED IN THE BATTLE OF ROER RIVER ARE ABOUT TO BE "CANNIBALIZED." SPARE PARTS WILL BE STRIPPED OFF AND USED TO MAKE OTHER TANKS USABLE AGAIN

ARMY'S VEHICLES SUFFER HIGH RATE OF ATTRITION

Few miles back from the front the French countryside is littered with what looks like mammoth automobile junk yards. They are the final resting places of tanks, trucks and jeeps destroyed in combat or wrecked on the winter-soggy French roads. They are testimony to

the bitterness of the German resistance and to the high attrition rate on the long supply routes leading all of the way from the ports of France to the front. Each month, General Eisenhower reports, his armies use up 1,500 jeeps, 375 medium tanks, 900 heavy trucks.

TRACKS FOR TANKS AND TRUCKS IN A GRAVEYARD FOR USED EQUIPMENT. HEAVY-HEAVY TRUCKS (MORE THAN 2½ TONS) ARE THE MOST CRITICAL ITEMS IN VEHICLE PRODUCTION

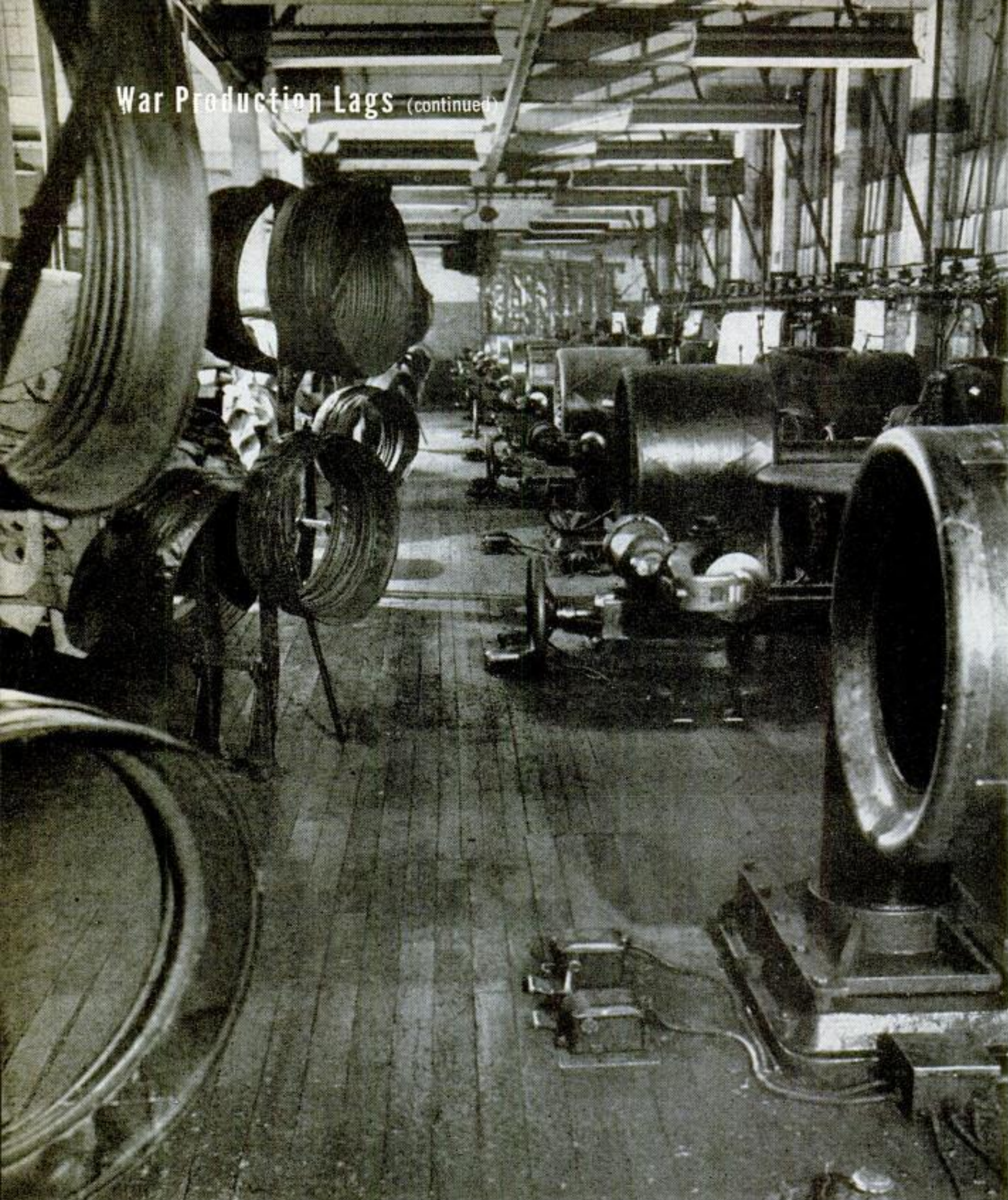




Dead jeeps are collected in yard a few miles behind the Third Army's front. Each of these old jeeps will be stripped of all

its salvageable rubber, instruments, batteries, windshields and axles. The remaining metal will then be sent farther back to

the quarter master for use as metal scrap. The same method of salvage is used on the tanks and on large and small trucks.



Idle tire-building machines (above) at U.S. Rubber Company's plant, Chicopee, Mass. require 700 more employees to reach peak production needed by the Army. Below: workers at Picatinny Arsenal make plastic fuse bodies. Employees here must be increased by 1,300. Notice empty assembly line in background.



CRITICAL PROGRAMS

The WPB reports on who or what is responsible

"The problem we are facing today in war production is neither new nor sudden. Critical programs are recurrent phenomena."

So begins a report called *Critical Programs*, probably the ablest and most accurate survey yet made on current war shortages. Prepared by Hiland G. Batcheller, chief of operations of the War Production Board, it recalls the day when Sherman tanks, destroyer escorts, aluminum forgings, high-octane gasoline and landing craft were "supercritical, must-must items." In each case the bottlenecks were broken. Today other critical items have taken their places. But there is one important difference. Today's shortages are the result of actual combat operations. Critical production goes not into strategic reserves but directly into battle. As such it has a much more immediate effect on the lives of American soldiers and sailors.

Each critical item presents its own set of problems. The best way to answer the question, "Who or what is responsible for the shortages?" is to look at the items individually. Some of them follow:

Heavy artillery ammunition has been a critical program since last April when Army requirements were stepped up sharply as the result of battle experience. At that time production was \$27,000,000 a month. The schedule calls for \$100,000,000 a month next year. Difficulties in production are 1) tooling up and 2) staffing of the shell-loading and explosive plants. Present production is inadequate.

Heavy artillery requirements were likewise boosted in April. Production for the year, including spare gun tubes and replacement recoil mechanisms for guns in action, is 21% below strategic needs. Because it takes six to eight months to develop machinery, the basic problem is facilities. There is also a labor shortage, particularly in making fire-control instruments.

Heavy-heavy trucks, more than 2½ tons, became critical in November 1943 as the result of battle experience. New production was handicapped by the conversion of the automobile industry to planes, combat vehicles, artillery, etc. Today the foundry industry is a bottleneck. It has been unable to expand production fast enough to supply castings for a full complement of axles, transmissions and engines. The result is that heavy-truck production, now at 6,500 a month, is still far short of needs.

Tanks are on the critical list because of stepped-up requirements and design changes. Early this year production was pared to 1,200 a month, now schedules are at 2,000 a month.

Combat loaders, big, fast cargo-transport ships, have been given top urgency by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but even so deliveries are behind schedule. The chief difficulty is manpower. Most of the yards are on the Pacific Coast where skilled mechanics are hard to get. Almost as many men quit the shipyards as are hired. Turnover is high.

Naval ordnance has been sharply stepped up, but requirements are still higher than production. Three programs are critical: 1) high-capacity ammunition, 2) rockets and 3) 40-mm. antiaircraft guns. There are machine-tool and manpower shortages.

Tire production has been mounting steadily but requirements today exceed anything heretofore envisioned. Even in the last few weeks requirements have gone up. Although unit production has increased 55% this year there is still a big deficit. To make it up 5,000 physically qualified men and 1,000 women are needed. The demand for tires is now, not 12 months from now.

Tactical field wire, used by Signal Corps, is so short it is rationed to the field commanders. Facilities, galvanized carbon-steel wire and lack of rubber are limiting factors in production.

Cotton duck, used for tents, is critical because of a sudden steep rise in requirements early this year, some 12 months after production had been cut sharply back from its peak. As a result second-quarter production was 40% below requirements and there seems little prospect of making up the accumulated deficit. The major difficulties are labor shortages and the difficulty of reconverting to duck many of the looms which were shifted to other fabrics.

"The production troubles..." the report concludes, "are neither unusual nor new. We either know, or can quickly learn, how to solve them. So long as the war lasts, so long as commanders in the field are developing new tactics, so long as inventors and scientists are at work, critical requirements will... develop."



· IDLE DRILL PRESSES AT CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT
PLANT IN SAN DIEGO SHOWS NEED FOR NEW WORKERS

THE FOURTH NEW YEAR

IT FINDS US IN TROUBLE BOTH IN WAR AND POLITICS AND IN NEED OF RESOLUTIONS

New Year's Day is a time for men to cast up accounts and make resolutions. Nations should do that, too. If the U. S. could take stock of its military and political situation on this fourth New Year since Pearl Harbor, it might make some very serious resolutions. For in both fields something seems to have gone wrong.

First, the military situation. The German offensive has obviously rocked Eisenhower on his heels. As this is written, the situation on the Western Front is grave and will get worse before it gets better. Yet this offensive comes only four months after the Quebec Conference when most people, including Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt and the American General Staff, assumed that Germany was practically beaten.

Optimism at Quebec

Quebec is a useful, if rather ironic, point of departure for some New Year's reflections. Early in September Churchill had arrived from across the sea, making the V sign and proclaiming, "Victory is everywhere." Bradley's armies, having dashed across France, were at the German frontier; Montgomery's were in Belgium. On the last day of the conference Churchill and Roosevelt summoned the press, until then isolated in the basement of the Château Frontenac, to the sunny parapet of the Citadel for a friendly lecture on high strategy. Said the usually cautious Churchill, "I cannot pretend to speak as a humble man today. We have conducted successful warfare on a great scale you would go far to match."

So they had; the compliment, which Mr. Roosevelt could scarcely have paid himself so close to election, was deserved by both men. Mr. Roosevelt remarked with satisfaction that plans had been laid afresh as far ahead as men could be expected to see. It was clear that the main problem of the conference, now that the German war was in its "final stages," was to arrange for transferring the Allied forces to the Pacific.

Ten days later the survivors of the British 1st Airborne Division were back from the Arnhem slaughter on the wrong side of the Rhine. The momentum went out of the Allied drive; the Germans dug in; the casualties mounted. Our November offensive met strong resistance. And now the corpse that was the German army has swarmed from the grave. What went wrong? Where did we miscalculate?

In one sense the trouble has come from winning too much too soon. Before the landing our strategists assumed that the German High Command would fight delaying actions on all the French rivers. But instead of making an elastic withdrawal, the Germans (it was Hitler's decision) staked everything on one great battle west of the Seine. The Brit-

ish and ourselves took 600,000 prisoners (many of them non-Germans) and killed or wounded between 400,000 and 700,000 more. It was a tremendous victory—one of the truly epic victories of modern times. Thus in September when the American Third Army entered Nancy the German war positionally was way ahead of schedule.

But the Germans partially redeemed their mistake by a brilliant defense of the French and Belgian ports. Our use of the ports was crucially postponed by some 115,000 Germans, left behind after the retreat. Together with the destruction of French bridges and railways, wrought in part by our own bombers, these garrisons hampered our supply operation. The supply service had to perform miracles of spendthrift improvising, such as the famed Red Ball express highway.

The Germans, digging in, took advantage of the Allied pause with unexpected skill and strength. Instead of less than 40 divisions originally reported, we found ourselves confronted by 70, if not more. They are better armed than at first reported and they are eager for battle in a way which the American mind cannot understand.

Fighting with Metal

Some critics say that our failure to beat Germany this year was our own fault. They say the summer campaign, brilliant as it seemed, was too timid; that by taking more chances—especially with lives—we could have exploited Bradley's breakthrough still farther into Germany while the Nazis were still in rout. Be that as it may, we didn't do it. Instead we waited: waited for the supplies, the big guns, the air cover, the sure-fire might of our machines. That is the way our Army is organized to operate. It is the way the Atlantic Wall was breached in the first place—one of the greatest military feats of all time.

The Germans have complained that Americans are indifferent soldiers because they won't fight until they have overwhelming armament superiority. Well, if an American officer prefers not to attack an enemy hill without artillery and air support, it is because he knows that a couple of million dollars' worth of shells and bombs can erase the hill and save his men's lives. Although our mounting casualties may obscure the fact, the American way is to fight with metal, which we value less than lives. Our true expendables are factory manhours and the ore of Mesabi and Butte.

But let us not deceive ourselves that because we will win by machines, machines are all that count in war. If the decisive weapon were the soldier's belief in his cause—as, in another war, it might be—the Germans would beat us; so would the Japs; so could the Russians and the British. As Hanson Baldwin pointed out in *LIFE* last month, our

Army's "greatest handicap" is the average American soldier's indifference to the issues of this war. He will fight and he will win; but he is more concerned for the how of it than the why. Perhaps this New Year's Day is a good time to ask ourselves whether we are not becoming slaves as well as masters of the machine.

The Political Failure

Turning to the political situation, the same question can be put in different words: are we slaves or masters of events? American policy is potentially the greatest single factor shaping the peace. But we have acted as though we did not know this; therefore our influence, though no less determining, becomes a vacuum through which events rush uncontrolled.

At Quebec, according to Britain's Minister Ernest Bevin, the President "tacitly" assented to the current British policy in Greece. At Teheran, according to other reports, the President "tacitly" assented to Russia's plans for Poland. Churchill has now openly espoused this plan and challenged the President to do the same. His reply, given through the State Department last week, was so equivocal that two Washington newspapers gave it exactly opposite meanings in their stories next day.

As 1944 ends, the world political situation has deteriorated painfully. "We isolationists seem entitled to raise our heads a bit now," said the *New York Daily News* with cynical glee. Europe seems to be revealing itself frankly as the same old Europe, still talking the same old language of alliances, spheres of influence, "a free hand." And although we Americans have had the power to shatter the old system to bits, we have not used our political imagination to remold it. So we are confronted with a series of *faits accomplis*. Sometimes America must look to other countries like a huge, stem-winding Superman, with a soft heart and a pin head.

Our political and military policies are not so separable as is sometimes thought. We are vulnerable to the German offensive because it is mounted on a real political hope: the hope that the Allies will fall out and that Germany will therefore survive the war. For that hope every German can find extra resources of arms and bravery. Can America find them, too?

This national self-scrutiny may seem too discouraging to yield good New Year's resolutions. But it is an essential preparation. The taste of defeat is bitter, but it recalls first principles as nothing else can. Let us resolve at least to fight against cynicism in ourselves, even when we meet it in others. Let us resolve to prove our humanity; to seek clarity; to search ever for more durable bases of the communion with other nations on which our nation is resolved.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

In 1944, when U. S. war casualties were highest, the relics of destroyed lives turned up in many places. In U. S. post offices were packages which

had come back from men who could not receive them. Stamped on the packages were the cold official legends: return to sender—killed in action. Re-

turn to sender—missing in action. After making sure the package has not been returned by mistake, the post office sends it to the return address.



Christmas packages which never reached dead or missing U. S. servicemen pile up in a New York City post office

JINX RETURNS FROM THE WAR

Falkenburg-O'Brien troupe scores hit on 42,000-mile tour of CBI theater

Jinx Falkenburg, the cover girl, came back to Hollywood last week after two months of trouping over the world's toughest theatrical circuit. She and Pat O'Brien headed a USO unit which made a 42,000-mile-long run of one-day stands in the China-Burma-India theater of operations. They flew through terrible weather over terrible terrain, faced an audience which had recently let loose the loudest bit of con-

temporary dramatic criticism by blasting USO players who refused to keep schedules when going got bad. Booked for 54 shows, the troupe gave 84.

Jinx was no great shakes as a singer or dancer. But she looked like a dream, behaved like a lively, wind-blown American girl and went everywhere—sometimes to within a few miles of the nearest Japs. Said General Claire Chennault of the troupe: "Wonderful job."



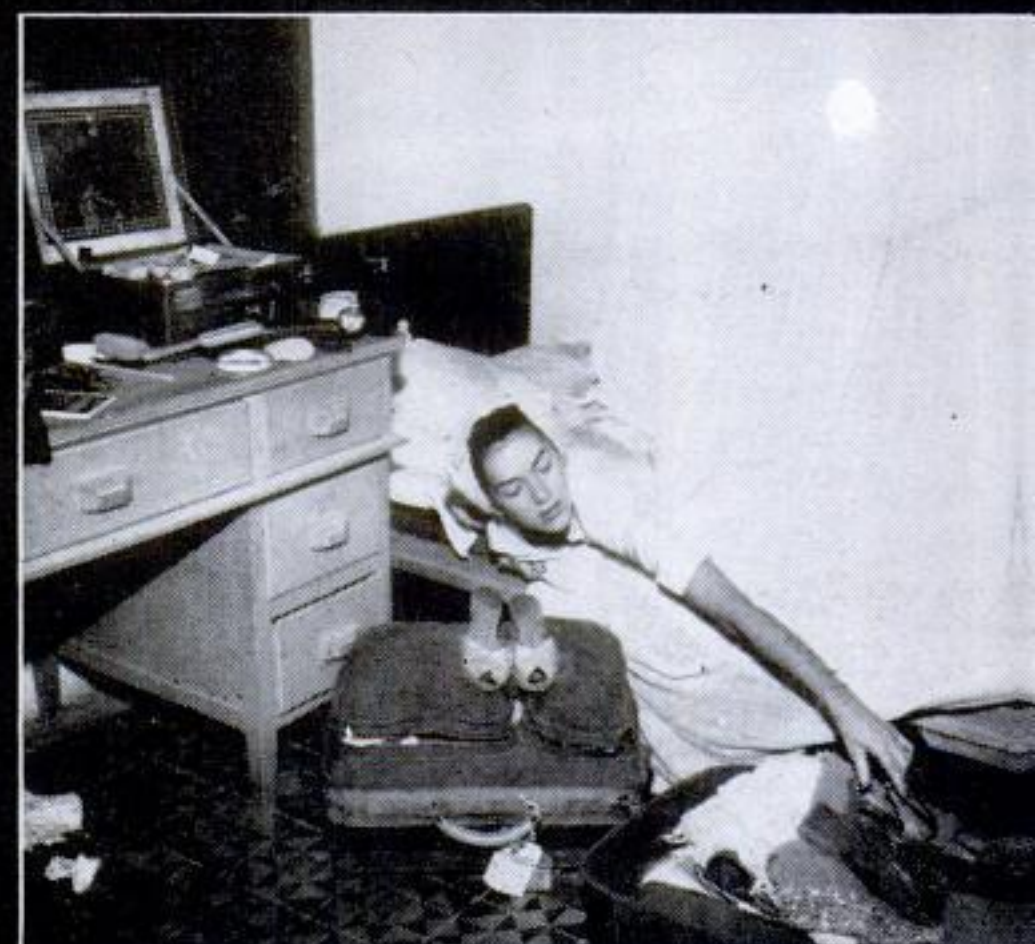
JINX ARRIVES IN HOLLYWOOD WEARING SELF-ADVERTISING DRESS, COOLIE HAT TO HIDE PLACES WHERE GIs CUT LOCKS



JINX WEIGHS IN FOR TRIP OVER THE HUMP TO CHINA



ATC MEDICAL OFFICER GIVES HER LAST TETANUS SHOT



AT LIUCHOW SHE SLEPT ONLY 32 MILES FROM THE JAPS



SHE MET STILWELL THE NIGHT BEFORE HE LEFT CHINA



O'BRIEN, FALKENBURG & COMPANY RELAX IN PLANE



JINX APPLIES HER MAKE-UP BETWEEN ACTS AT MYITKYINA



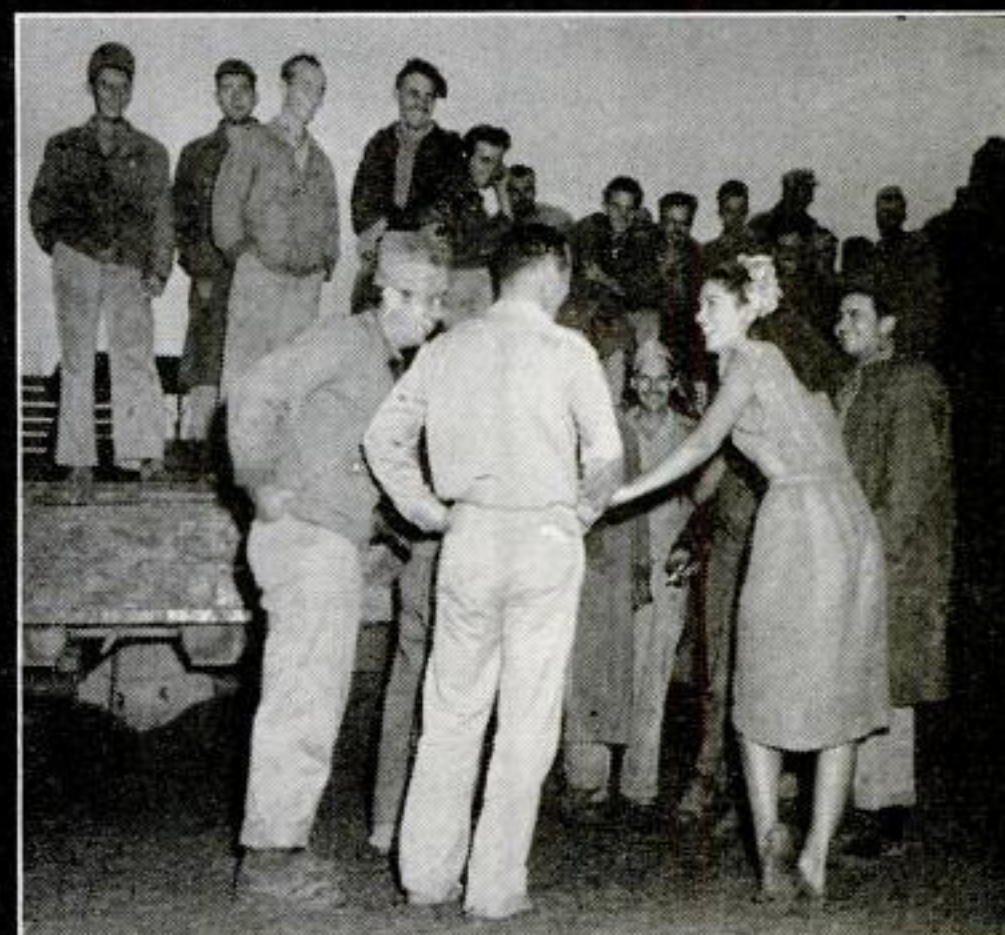
O'BRIEN INTRODUCES JINX TO THE BOYS AT A HOSPITAL



A FORMER BEAUTY SPECIALIST SHAMPOOS HER HAIR



SOLDIERS SEEKING AUTOGRAPHS MOB HER AFTER A SHOW



JINX WALKS BAREFOOT IN MUD AT AN AIR BASE IN CHINA



SHE AUTOGRAPHS A CAST ON FLIER'S BROKEN ANKLE



SHE RIDES IN A C-45 COCKPIT ON TRIP BETWEEN BASES



WEARING A HEAVY PARACHUTE, SHE SNATCHES 40 WINKS



INEVITABLY SHE POSES IN FRONT OF THE TAJ MAHAL



SHE PUTS SANDALS OVER SHOES BEFORE ENTERING SHRINE



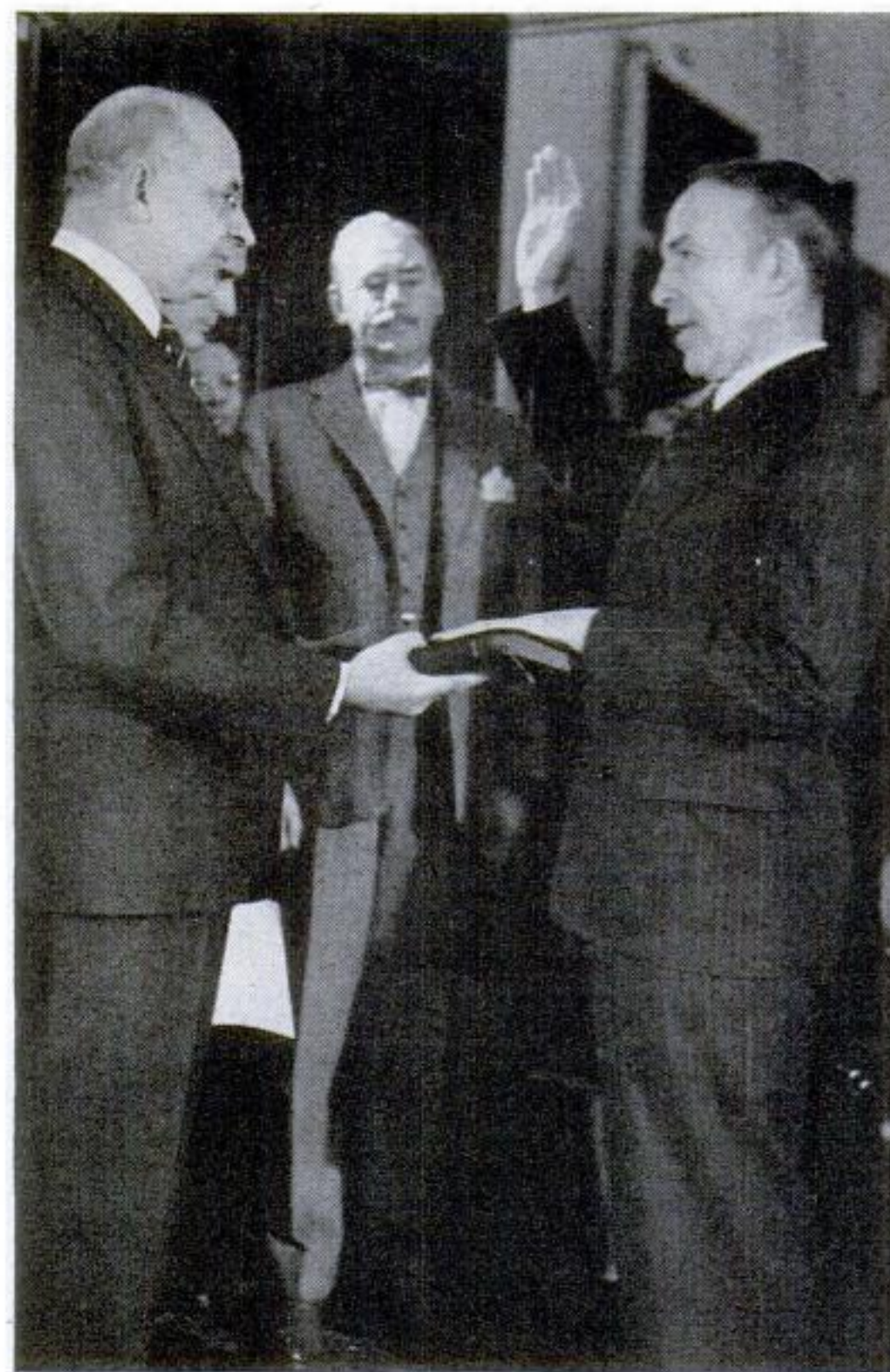
SHE MET CHINESE GENERAL AT YUNNAN GOVERNOR'S HOME



Joseph C. Grew, 64 (*right*), former Ambassador to Japan, is sworn in as Under Secretary of State.



William Clayton, 64, the former Surplus War Property Administrator, is sworn in by Justice Reed as new Assistant Secretary.



Archibald MacLeish, 52, former Librarian of Congress, is also sworn in. The senate vote on MacLeish was 43 for, 25 against.

STATE'S NEW TEAM

Stettinius gets his assistants approved by Senate and sworn in

Last week Edward R. Stettinius Jr., new U.S. Secretary of State, breathed a sigh of relief. His "team" of Under Secretary and Assistant Secretaries was approved by the Senate and sworn into office by Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed. Its progress through the Senate was anything but harmonious. New Dealers were quick to note that three of the six appointees had Wall Street connections. Cotton senators were against William Clayton because, as the

world's largest cotton broker, he had opposed their cotton-subsidy program. Anti-New Dealers had a field day with Archibald MacLeish's poetry and pamphleteering, quoting out of context such phrases as the "rancid odor of capitalistic stupidity." The fight might still not be over had not President Roosevelt said that if confirmation were postponed he would submit the same names to the new Congress when it convenes. Stettinius got his team promptly confirmed.



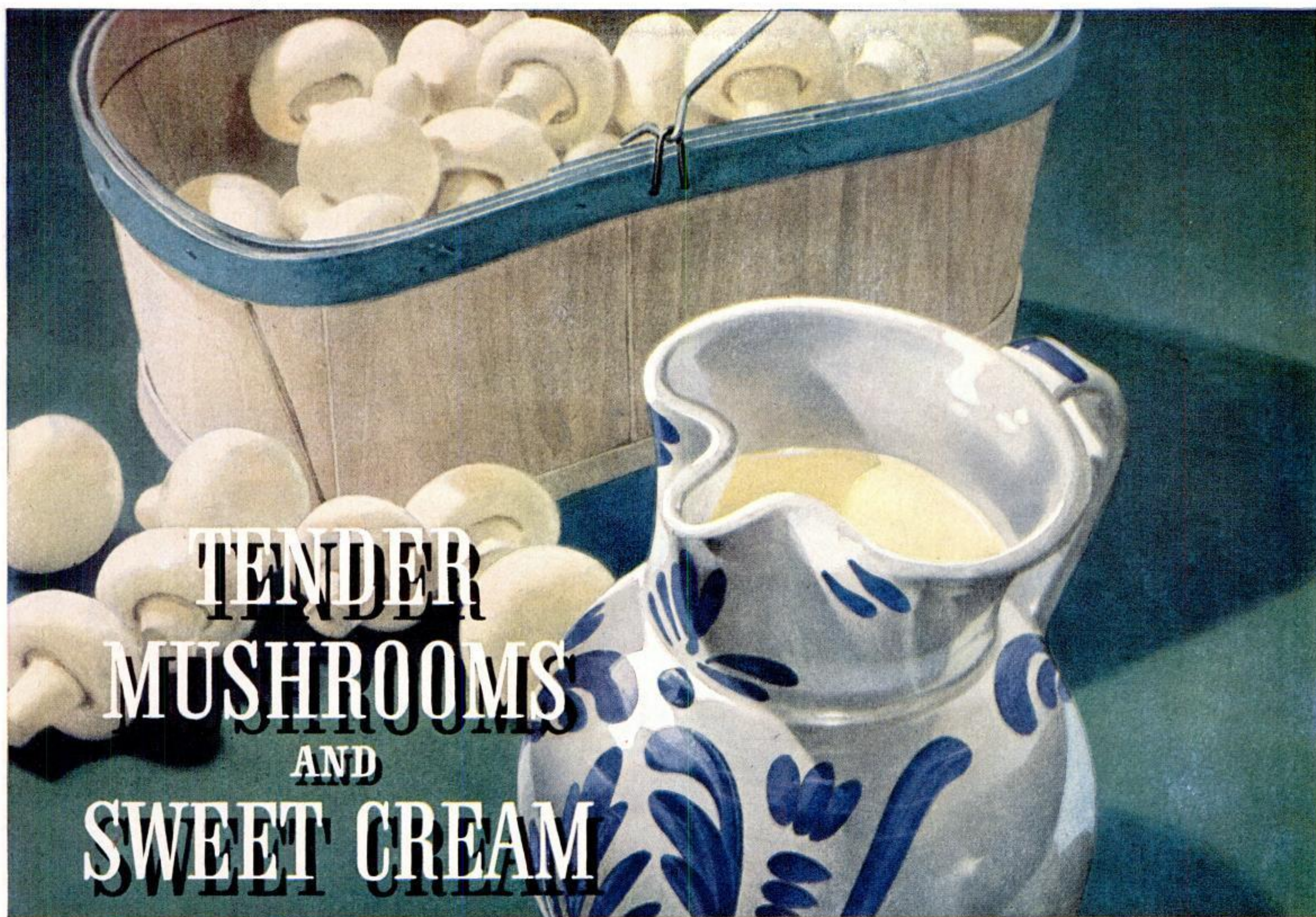
Nelson A. Rockefeller, 36, the former Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, is sworn in by Reed.



James C. Dunn, 54, career diplomat, is sworn in. Only top man retained from Hull regime is Assistant Secretary Dean Acheson.



Edward R. Stettinius shakes hands with Justice Reed. Only absentee appointee was Assistant Secretary Holmes, now in Paris.



TENDER MUSHROOMS AND SWEET CREAM

“...GOOD MAKINGS” OF A WONDERFUL SOUP

Everything that goes into this soup is so extra fine, the soup itself is sure to be! The mushrooms, for instance are so delicate and light, yet at the same time plump and firm. They're rushed from the hothouse to Campbell's kitchens while they still have all their elusive flavor and tenderness.

And the fresh sweet cream—how thick and rich it is, and how generously it's poured in! The

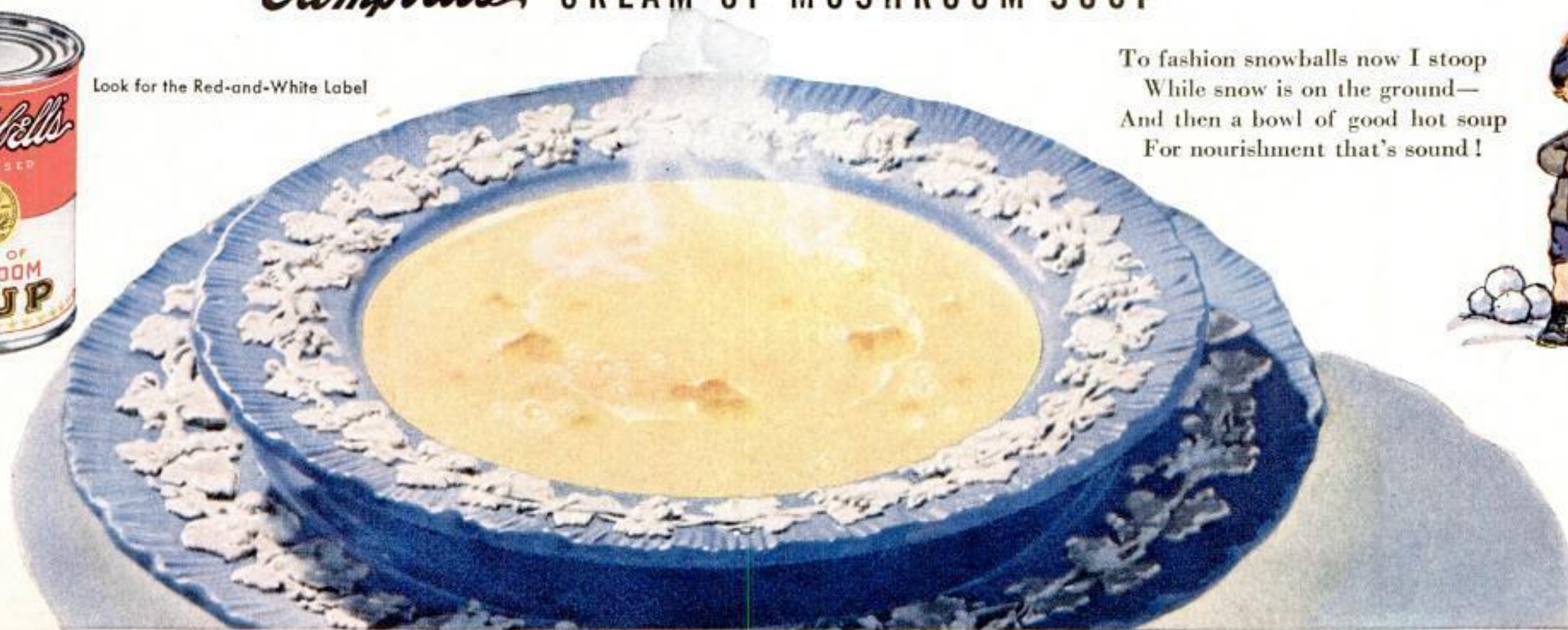
mushrooms and cream are blended with practiced skill—and the seasoning is added by a hand that knows exactly how. When you taste it, you too will say, “What a wonderful soup!”

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup gives a festive touch to any meal. Although it's fine for company dinners, it's too good to keep just for that. Let your family enjoy it real soon.

Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



Look for the Red-and-White Label



To fashion snowballs now I stoop
While snow is on the ground—
And then a bowl of good hot soup
For nourishment that's sound!



THAT SWAN BABY HAS ALL THE LUCK!

There he sits in the loveliest suds in all the world! That's because Swan is pure as fine castles, and the doctor says it's perfect for baby. His Mommie knows it will help keep his rosy skin soft and smooth. But Baby just loves it 'cause it floats and floats!



He thinks pretty ladies are the only kind there are. That's because his Mommie is so very pretty, and Swans herself to keep that way. Swan's pure, creamy lather is a joy—and she knows it will pamper her complexion!



He has a perfectly elegant wardrobe, because his Mommie knows how to make delicate fabrics last and last. She dunks his duds and her dainty undies in pure and gentle Swan.

Matter of fact, she's so smart she uses Swan for just about everything in the house! Get your supply of pure, mild Swan today for Baby! Dishes! Duds! Bath!

He doesn't know what a crosspatch is. His Mommie sings at the dishpan while Swan's mild, quick, billowing suds make short work of the dishes. treat her pretty hands gently!



SWAN IS 4 SWELL SOAPS IN ONE!



Uncle Sam Says **DON'T WASTE SOAP**
—it's made from vital war materials.

TUNE IN:

George Burns & Gracie Allen,
CBS, Tuesday nights



THE NEW WORLD'S CHAMPION SITS BEFORE SCOREBOARD WHICH CHARTS HIS VICTORY. COCHRAN MAKES ABOUT \$15,000 A YEAR, OWNS BILLIARD PARLOR IN SAN FRANCISCO

3-CUSHION BILLIARDS

Welker Cochran wins championship from Hoppe in New York tournament

World's championship 3-cushion billiard tournaments are solemn, dressy affairs. The players all wear evening clothes (*see above*), the tables are carefully groomed and even the billiard balls are heated to make them roll true. A complicated, exactly precise game, it provides few upsets. One of the few came last week when Welker Cochran won the 1944 title from Willie Hoppe, who had been the champion since 1940. One reason for this upset, the new rule in 3-cushion billiards, is explained on the next page.

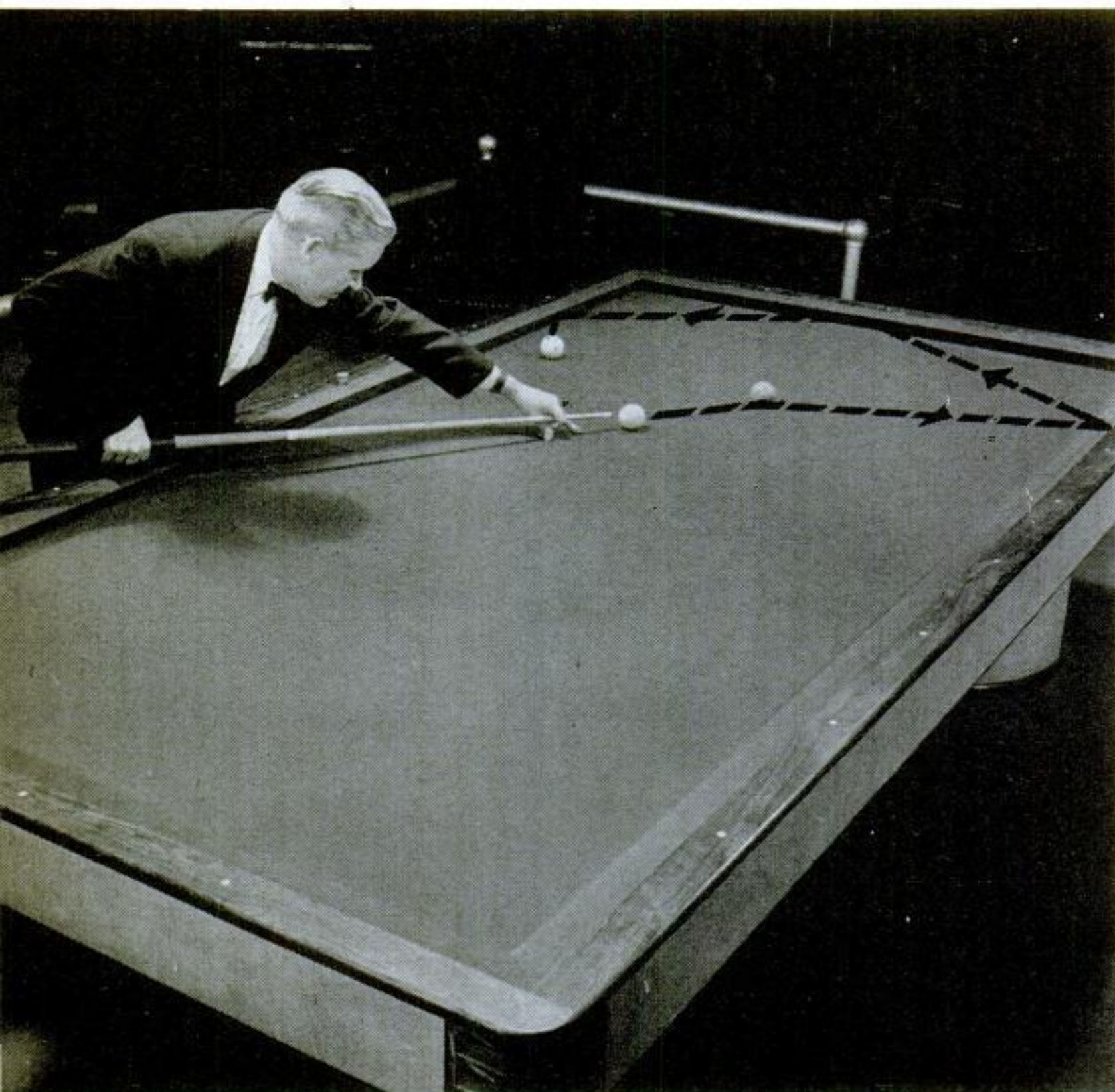
But the biggest reason is that 48-year-old Welker Cochran has played a lot of billiards. Like Hoppe, Cochran learned the game at an early age on a billiard table in his father's hotel. Four times the world's champion, he had been recently obscured by Hoppe's brilliant playing until his comeback this year. The tournament over, Cochran left for his home in San Francisco with the \$2,500 prize money but without his favorite cue. Somebody had swiped it from his hotel room after the tournament.

NEW WORLD'S CHAMPION SHOWS HOW TO MAKE THE GAME'S THREE BASIC PLAYS

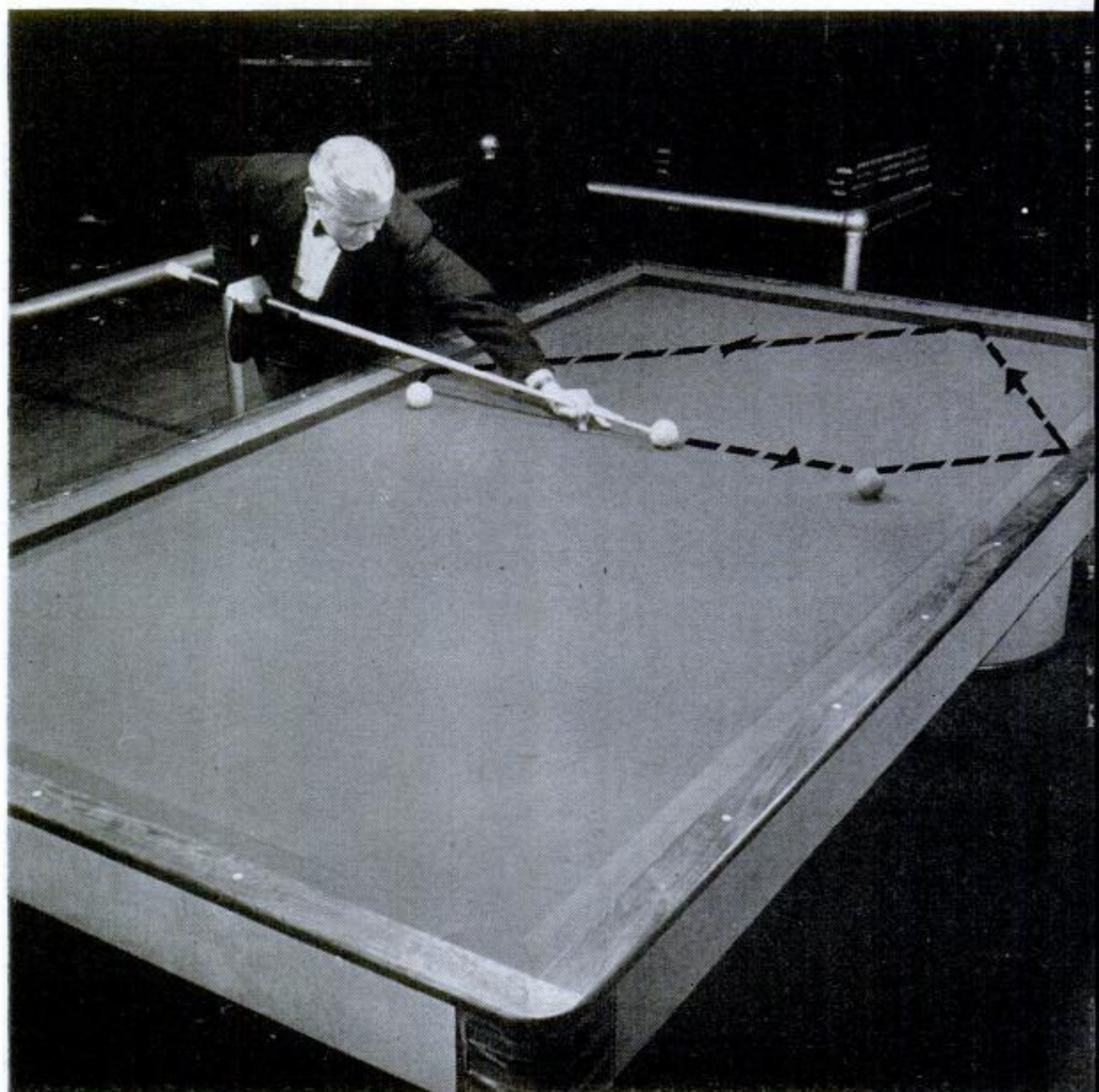
The game of 3-cushion billiards is as complicated as it looks. Given three billiard balls, one red and two white, the player has to "kiss" (touch) two of the balls with one of the white ones, as demonstrated below by Welker Cochran, the new champion. The catch is that the white ball has to hit at least three cushions (side rails) between the first and second "kiss." This constitutes a "billiard" and scores one point, 50 of which make a game. World's record of

17 "runs" (consecutive billiards) was made in 1919.

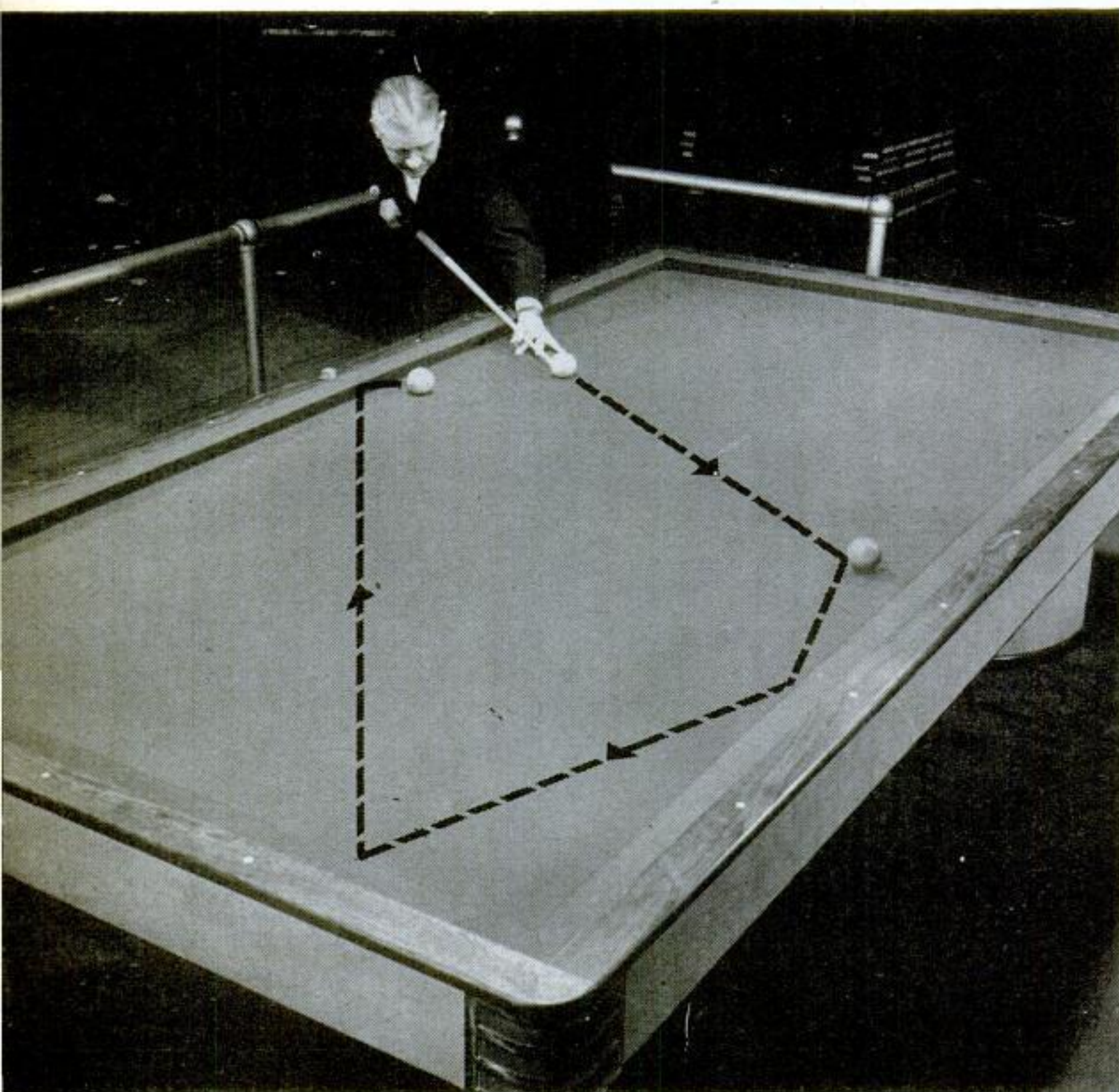
For a long time the game has been slowed down because a player had to use the same ball throughout the game. This made for slow defensive play in which billiardists put their opponents in bad spots. But this year an optional-ball rule was instituted which allows a player to use either white ball for each of his turns at the table (*see bottom right*). This speeds up the game by making players stay on the offensive.



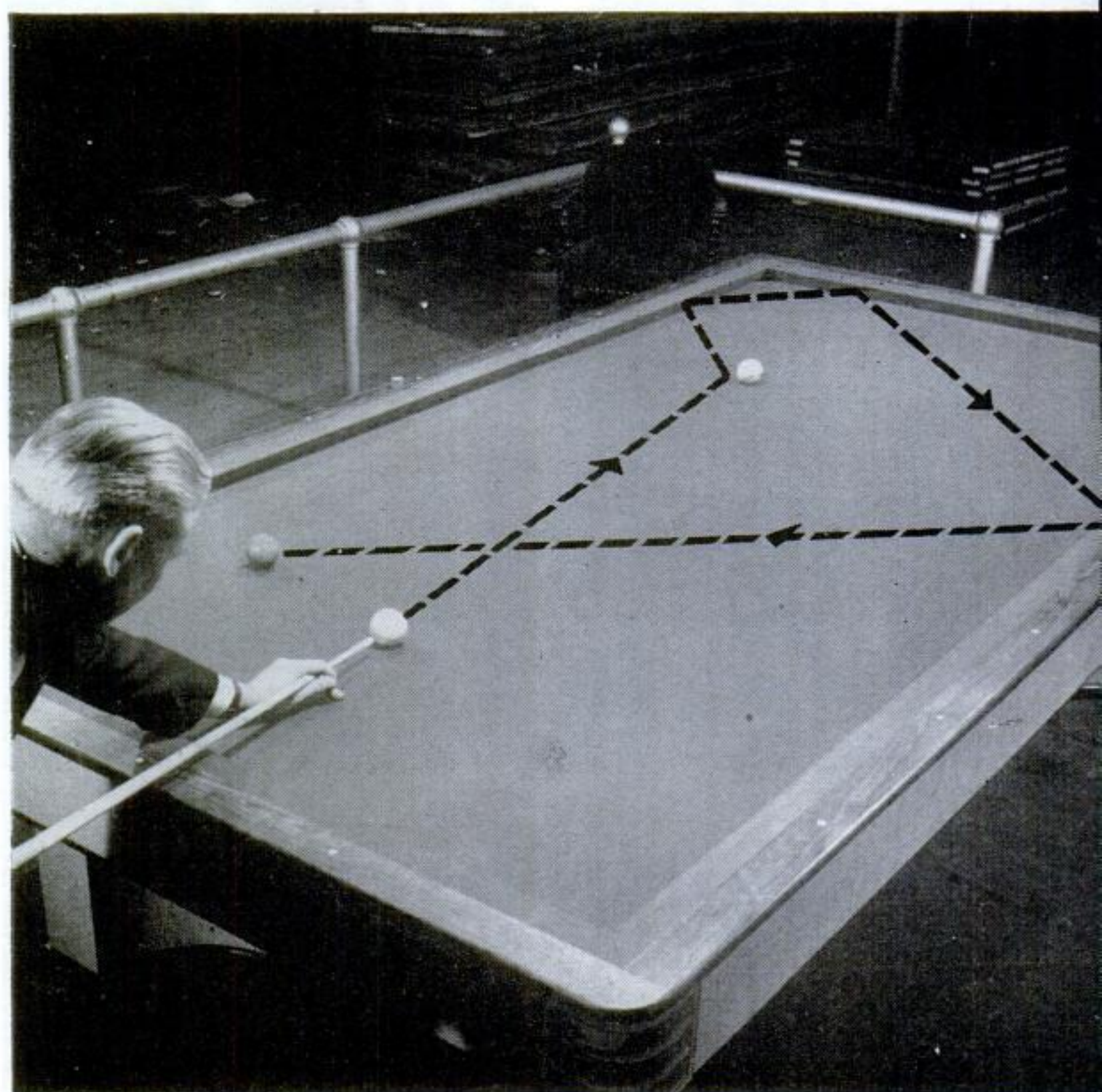
Short-angle shot, shown here by Welker Cochran, is one of the three basic plays in 3-cushion billiards. The ability to make this difficult play consistently is the mark of a good player.



Dead-ball spin shot is second of basic plays. This play requires left "English" (spin) to left on the cue ball to give it necessary added speed when it rebounds from the first contact.



Long-angle shot is the third basic play. In this one the ball now nearest the right cushion will go across table, bounce out of line of play before cue ball gets around to that side of table.



Under new rule player can use either ball in right foreground or background. In this setup, it would be impossible for him to make a 3-cushion shot with cue ball near far end of table.

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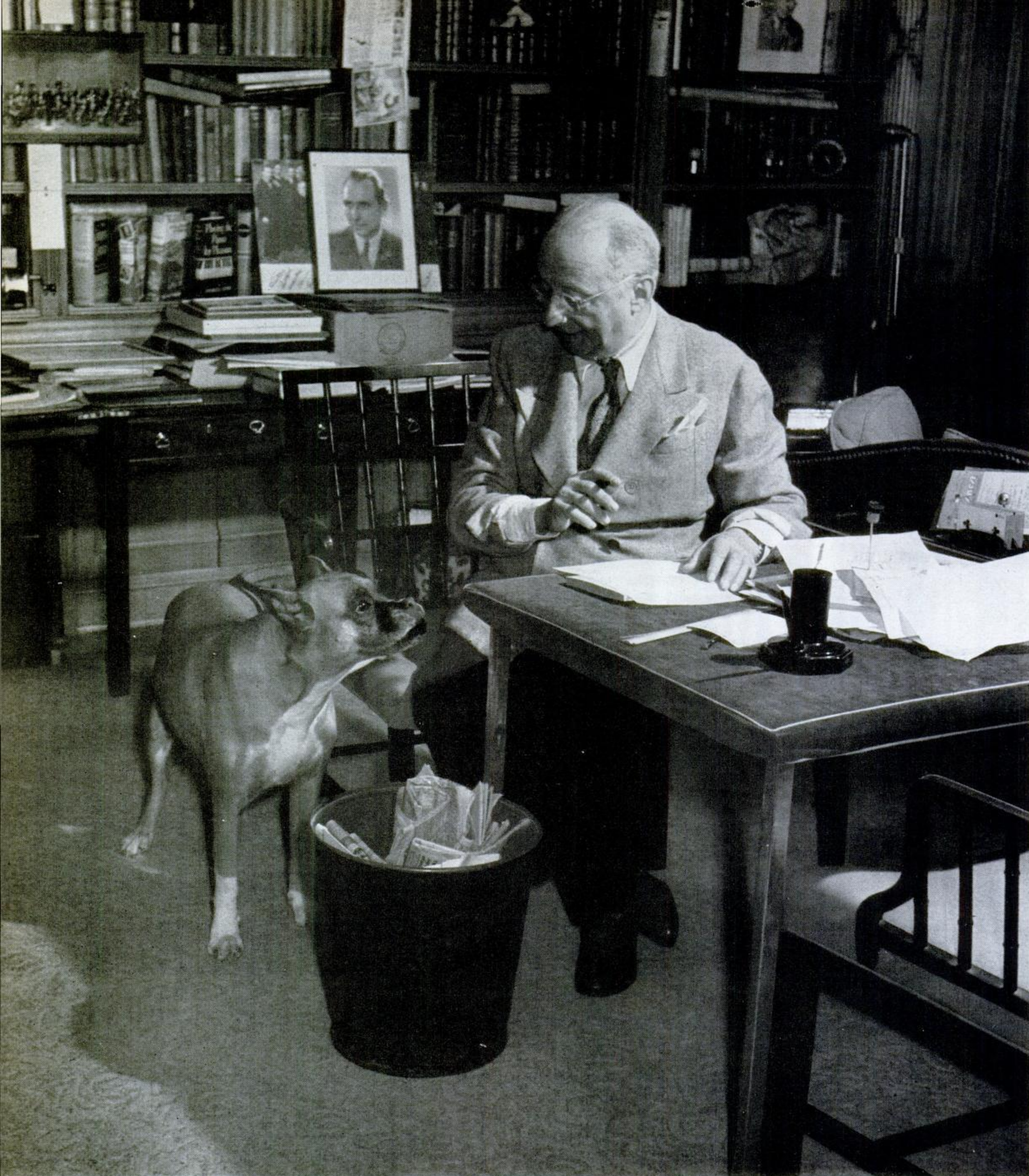
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JEROME KERN

The eminent composer celebrates
40th anniversary of first song

On networks all over the U. S. this week radios are reviving some of the prettiest melodies ever composed: *They Didn't Believe Me*, *Who, Ol' Man River*, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *All The Things You Are*, *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. The reason: the eminent writer of all these tunes published his first song 40 years ago. The song, since forgotten, was *How'd You Like to Spoon with Me*. The composer, now an unforgettable figure in American music, is Jerome Kern. Born in Manhattan 60 years ago this month, Kern

got his first musical job plugging songs for a music-publishing house, has since composed the songs for more than 50 musical shows and movies, has made millions from his music. Today he lives luxuriously in a mansion in Beverly Hills, Calif. where all year he can hear singing birds, which he says are the source of some of his tunes. He still collects rare books—even though he sold his famous collection 16 years ago for \$1,800,000—and still maintains his favorite composers are Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Irving Berlin.

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WITH THE
WEAR
WOVEN IN

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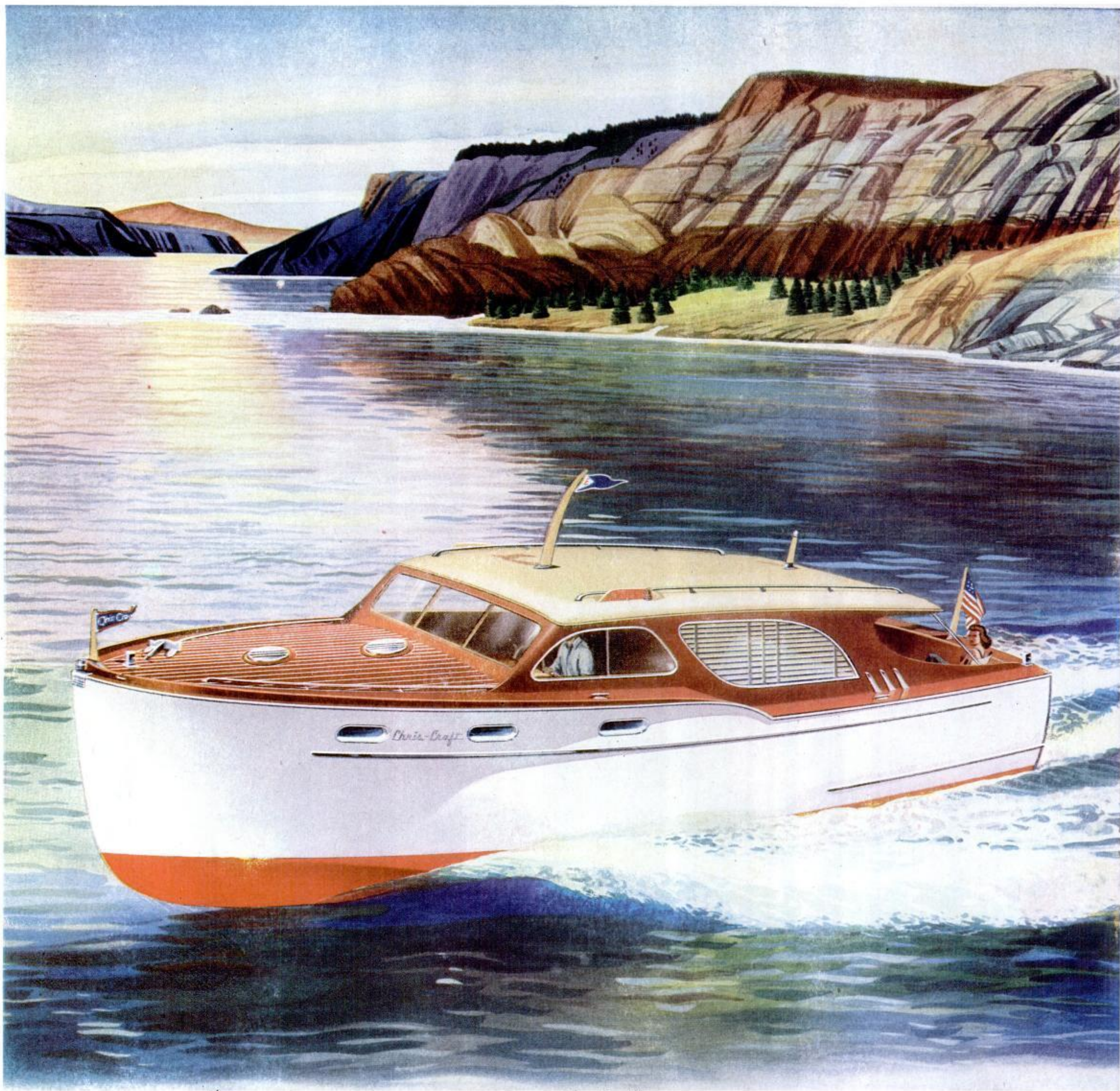
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CROUCHING IN THE TANGLED UNDERBRUSH BENEATH A FALLEN TREE, A LITTLE BAND OF U. S. INFANTRYMEN HEARS GERMAN SHELLS CRASHING DOWN IN THE WOODS CLOSE BY

THE BATTLE OF HÜRTGEN FOREST

A GLOOMY GERMAN WOODS TAKES ITS PLACE IN U.S. HISTORY BESIDE THE WILDERNESS AND THE ARGONNE

by WILLIAM WALTON

Five miles southeast of Aachen is the Hürtgen Forest, 50 square miles of tall firs and Siegfried line pill-boxes. In September U.S. troops went into the forest and after ten weeks of eerie, murderous fighting they came out of it. Last week the German counteroffensive threatened to outflank the Americans holding the forest but, told by "Time" and LIFE William Walton, it could not efface the story of courageous men who took it.

The sergeant named Garcia couldn't believe his eyes when he saw six American engineers warily working their way across the flat, unfenced fields into Grosshau. Garcia knew that Grosshau was still very much in German hands. As he watched in the cold gray afternoon from his shell crater he saw happen just what he knew would happen.

The Germans burrowed into the cellars of the ruined village, let the engineers creep 200 yards past the first house, then opened fire from all sides. The engineers disappeared in a burst of flame, either dead or prisoners.

Nobody could find out who had given the engineers orders to enter Grosshau. One of those snafus which are part of any battle. Neither could anyone find out, after the battle of Hürtgen

Forest had ended, just exactly what Sergeant Garcia had done then. All they knew was that Garcia and a half dozen other gunners had left skeleton crews at their antitank guns a quarter of a mile up the road from Grosshau. Then they crawled down into the village outskirts, killed the Germans in the nearest cellars, recaptured the engineers and crawled back with them to the American lines.

Garcia was wounded. So nobody could get a detailed account from him before he was carried back to a clearing station. Not even his first name. Somebody remembered he had just got American citizenship a year ago. That was all. The regimental colonel when he heard about it said, "That man is going to get the best medal I can give him. Somebody must find out all the details." But the fight for Grosshau and the last dank patches of Hürtgen Forest were still too hot just then for any careful research, and Garcia's feat had been only a little more heroic than those of hundreds of other men who in the tumult and confusion had been daring and courageous and resourceful. Most of their braveries never would be known, except to the few who witnessed them, just as no man would ever know all that

had happened in the battle of the Hürtgen Forest.

Hürtgen Forest is a name to carve some day on the war memorials of America beneath such evocative place names as Château-Thierry, the Argonne forest and the Wilderness of the Civil War. Other battles in this war have been more dramatically decisive—Normandy, St. Lô, the Falaise pocket—but none was tougher or bloodier than the battle for this Hürtgen Forest.

Close-ranked firs towering 75 to 100 feet make the Hürtgen Forest a gloomy, mysterious world where the brightness of noon is muted to an eerie twilight filtering through dark trees onto spongy brown-needles and rotting logs. Occasionally a neat ditch to control forest fires slices through the overgrowth. A few woodchoppers' huts such as old Germanic folk tales describe are hidden among the trees. On the western fringe four villages—Rott, Zweifall, Vicht and Schevenhütte—fill small clearings. Otherwise the Hürtgenwald is a fathomless sea of darkness, somber enough in peacetime, in wartime sinister with lurking enemies, evil with whining bullets and bursting shells that leave broken trees and broken men in tangled fraternity.

American troops had been in the forest since



A river of mud on a road slows a jeep pushing through the tall evergreens of western Germany. One big obstacle to the slow U. S. push eastward through the Hürtgen Forest was the fact that the roads ran north and south. New roads had to be cut through the trees and paved with logs (*below*) so trucks could move up.



HÜRTGEN FOREST (continued)

mid-September when the 1st, 4th and 9th Divisions overran the outer Siegfried defenses with the momentum gained through France and Belgium. Two Hürtgen villages, Zweifall and Schevenhütte, fell before overtaut supply lines pulled the First U. S. Army up short. Not until mid-November could the starting signal be given again.

By Nov. 16 the 9th Division had been withdrawn from its dug-in Hürtgenwald positions and the 4th Division, first ashore in Normandy, substituted to spearhead the attack. The 4th commander, Major General R. O. Barton, sent his 12th Regiment in on the left when the offensive started. Two days later the 22nd Regiment was committed in the center, then the 8th Regiment on the right. The Germans brought to bear artillery and mortars in concentrations such as had not been heard or felt previously on the Western Front. Pine needles hid vicious Teller mines, box mines and the new shoe mines which blew unwary patrols up into branches minus a foot or a leg or a life.

The 12th Regiment, under hoarse-voiced Colonel Bob Chance, worked foot by foot up a forested slope with two companies, F and G, driving a wedge into the German lines, a wedge that threatened the German positions but also exposed the two companies' flanks. The German mortars, wise to the terrain, cracked into F and G companies, bursting in the trees to shower jagged fragments for yards around. Machine guns ripped the gloom and rifles crackled as the Germans gave a little ground but only a little.

Seeing the two companies worm into their lines, the Germans waited. Then they threw in concentrated mortar fire and under its protection struck down a ravine and up the other side to cut the slim supply line. F and G Companies were trapped.

For two days and nights the Germans poured mortar and artillery shells into the narrow area where infantrymen back to back were fighting off the German attacks. One slender footpath brought a trickle of ammunition but no food or water. The path was under such constant fire that the wounded could not be evacuated. Rain drizzled through the darkness, trickling into foxholes and seeping through winter clothing. Medical supplies were insufficient to care for men with jagged leg wounds, with bleeding chests, missing fingers, blood- and rain-soaked bandages.

E Company, nearest to their surrounded comrades, tried desperately to relieve them. On the third day Colonel Chance moved up A and C Companies in the darkness, sent them in to attack at daylight. The Germans, caught between the isolated companies and their relief, were slaughtered. On both sides there was slaughter but F and G Companies had been saved. That was how every foot of the Hürtgen Forest was to be.

Then it snowed. A wet, suffocating blanket sifted through the trees, weighting heavy-branched firs, covering foxholes and shell craters, mantling sentries who stomped at their posts and patrols creeping under low boughs. The few roads, already pale brown rivers, remained quagmires that sucked down tanks, trucks and jeeps struggling toward the front.

The 22nd sees light through the trees

Now the focus of battle shifted to the 22nd Regiment whose commander, Colonel Buck Lanham, could see light ahead through the trees. His battalions were spread like two fans on either side of the ravine. Muddy trails from the rear brought up replacements to fill out his riddled lines, fresh-faced second lieutenants still untried by enemy fire, privates in clean overcoats standing in the trucks with grave expressions, not scared but very serious as the sound of shelling echoed through the trees. In his wooden trailer Colonel Lanham was talking on a field phone: "Tell C Company to get in there with bazookas and grenades and take that high ground. Hill 90. We've got to have that high ground. Hill 92 doesn't do us any good until we've gotten 90, too. And Blue can't advance until the Krauts are knocked off those hills. Tell them to fight like hell." He hung up and turned tensely to the map on his small folding table. Prematurely gray, with black eyes bright behind his spectacles, the colonel seemed too absorbed in the map's crayon hieroglyphics to notice the stocky, wide-faced captain waiting across the table. Without looking up he said, "You didn't know it was me you had on the phone last night, did you, Swede?"

"No, sir," said the captain, shifting nervously. When the colonel looked up he smiled. Swede smiled too, with relief.

"That's all right, Swede," the colonel said in a voice softened by understanding. "I know how it is when you see a lot of your friends knocked off. But you've got to treat your superior officers with more respect."

Swede was silent a moment, then he said quietly, "Colonel, sir, I don't care if you break me for it. I meant what I said last night,

even though I didn't know it was you on the line. That little patch of woods we're fighting for ain't any good to anybody. No good to the Germans. No good to us. It's the bloodiest damn ground in all Europe and you make us keep fighting for it. That ain't right."

Now it was the colonel's time to be silent. Two men sitting across the table looking at one another in silence. The colonel, slight of build, keen-faced, intense. The blond captain, bulky, mud-spattered, a two-day growth of beard on his wide face, a face designed for grinning but dead serious now and pale with fatigue.

The battle is for killing Germans

"There's nothing in the world," said the colonel deliberately, "that I'd like to do better than tell all you boys to call it off and go home. You know that, Swede. But it can't be done. The only way we can get this thing over is by killing Krauts. To kill them you've got to get to them."

Swede grunted.

"Look here on the map. You know they're dug in all through this woods you're talking about. Once we've got those two hills then we'll be able to pour so much stuff into that patch of woods that not a Kraut will be left. Then we can push on to where the woods end and fight in daylight like little gentlemen again. Wherever there are Krauts we've got to kill 'em. I know they've killed lots of our boys in that patch, but we've killed even more of them and that's what counts."

Swede sighed. "I know you're right, Colonel. Knew it all the time. I just have to get things off my chest once in a while."

"Pour yourself a slug of good Heinie cognac," said the colonel. When Swede left he was smiling again. The phone buzzed.

"Charcoal speaking," said the colonel. "Yes, wild man. Got up on top the hill, did they? That's the stuff. Keep 'em going and let me know so we can start concentrating on that wooded patch."

No sooner had he hung up on his G-2 officer than the phone buzzed again.

"Charcoal speaking. Oh, hello, General. Yes, Blue is going to jump off soon. Just as soon as Hill 90 is cleared. Yes, sir. That's right. You can count on us but I wish you'd get that damn task-force armor to start moving south of us. You know how armor is, wants every foxhole cleared out before they'll move. . . . Well I suppose so. . . . Yes, sir."

During the dreary afternoon Lanham's C Company fought up to the top of Hill 90 and started firing down into German positions before the early winter twilight made them button up for the night.

A colorless dawn brought more artillery, but by 8 o'clock the gray sky had broken sufficiently for fighter-bombers to lay on a mission. Tobogganing out of the western sky they came down over Grosshau, the tiny village just beyond the eastern edge of the forest. Each cracking explosion fountained smoke and debris into the still air. In foxholes scooped from rotting pine needles the foot soldiers watched approvingly.

"Give it to the bastards."

"Now we're getting somewhere."

"Lookit those houses go whammo."

In the thunder heaped on Grosshau it seemed impossible for any living thing to survive. Cautiously riflemen and tommy-gunners hunched down the hill from tree to tree, firing whenever a shadow moved unnaturally in the woods ahead. Now they were fighting in Swede's bloody patch of woods, where every tree was shattered into a naked spear of white ugliness against the dark earth, where weather-soaked corpses had lain so long the stench was unbearable.

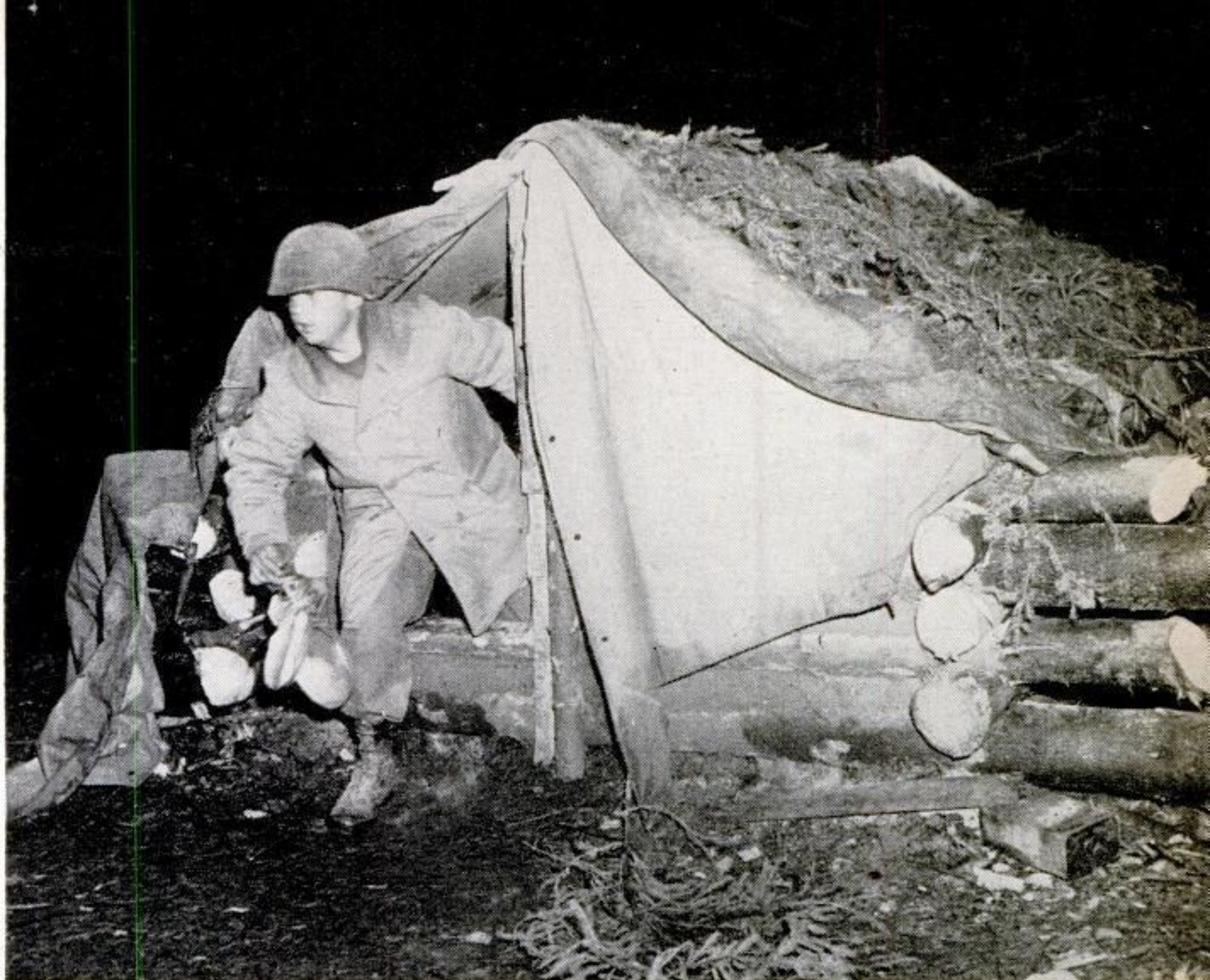
As the day advanced the dirty brown uniforms drove the dirty gray uniforms out of the last woodland west of Grosshau. Emerging onto treeless ground, the Americans felt as naked as stripteasers at a Sunday-school picnic. The forest which had been hateful seemed friendly and protective now that they had only tiny hillocks and shell craters to shield them.

Artillery hidden in the woods across the barren plain intensified their thunder when the Americans appeared. From crater to crater Lanham's men dodged, fired over rims, ducked to another crater farther ahead. From Grosshau, which had seemed completely uninhabitable, the machine-gun and small-arms fire grew intense.

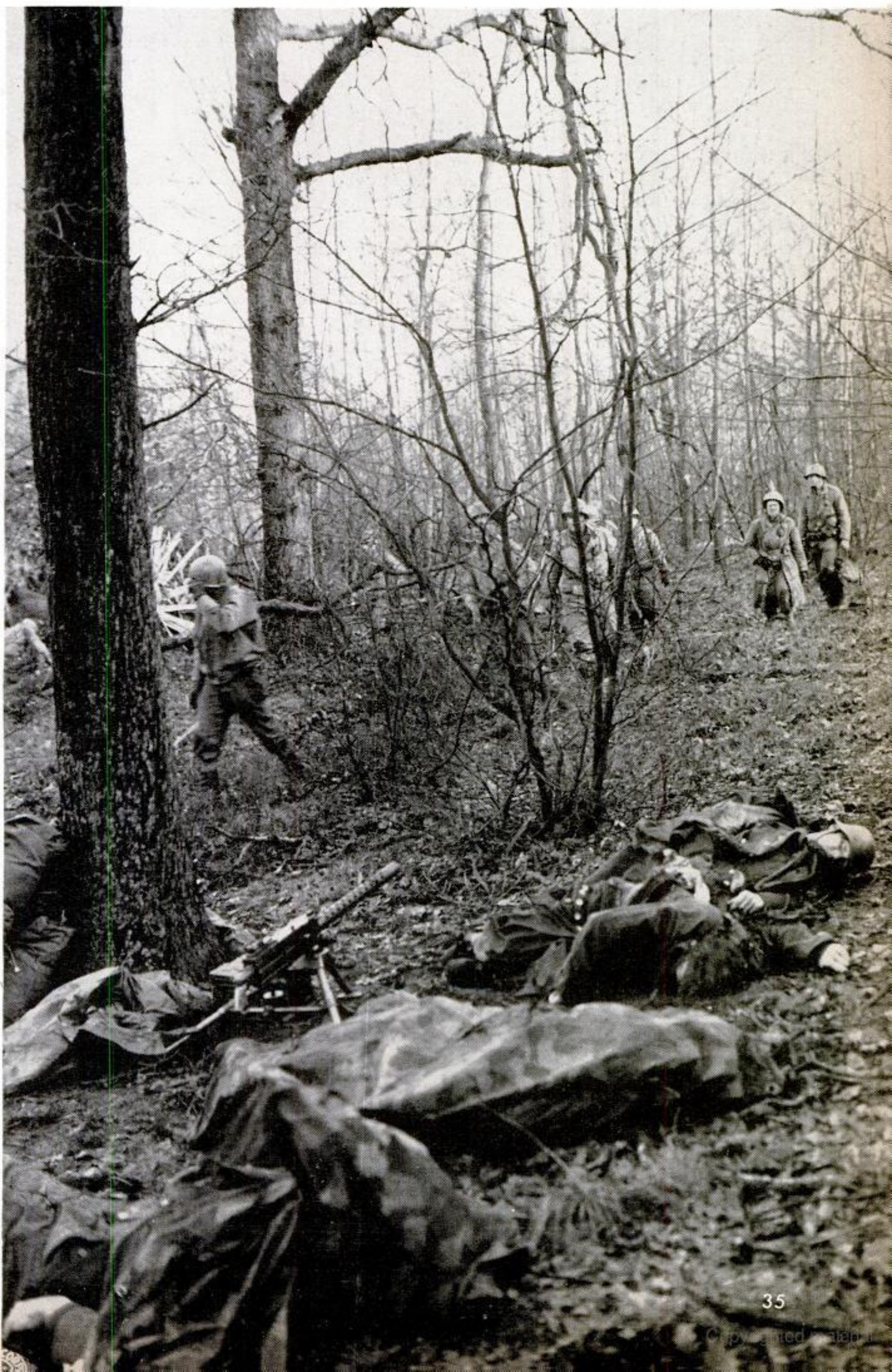
Time after time the 22nd pushed forward, stumbled, took cover. Six Sherman tanks were knocked out. The lines regrouped to try again. But too many men were falling. The plague of shells grew even thicker.

Back in the forest a major talked to Colonel Lanham by phone. When the major had explained, Lanham said, "All right. Have your boys dig into the best positions possible. Just hold on. We'll have to try it another way."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Log huts and other rude comforts were set up by the men when fighting in the forest died down. Below is evidence of one of the deadly little fights which went on even in quiet periods. Americans advance past the bodies of four Germans killed by a single grenade while they were firing a captured U. S. machine gun.



HÜRTGEN FOREST (continued)

The other way was to keep to the woods and circle northward around Grosshau and the plain. Already Major George Goforth's battalion was pushing over a series of wooded hills that bulged like a ripple of muscle along the forest rim. That was on Monday, the 27th. For two days they fought through those hills, with casualties bad on both sides.

In his gloomy CP, a lantern-lit fog dugout, Major Goforth talked over the situation with his exec, Swede Henley. A company commander had just come in to report.

"We're hunting for officers," said the new arrival, slumping onto a battered tin water can. "G Company's got only two officers left. Lost three this afternoon. We can't go on like this, Major." Goforth shook his head.

"I know, boy, but where am I going to get them? Division says we can commission any good man right here in the field. But who?" He looked around a circle of dirty, unshaven faces watching him in the sputtering light, faces drained of color like those of drowned men.

"There's McDermott," said Swede.

"Can't spare him. Practically runs G-2."

"He's the last available sergeant. We've already commissioned six."

"Guess we'll have to depend on replacements," said Goforth.

"The trouble with replacements is that they don't last long enough," observed the company commander. "Trucks brought up 30 for me this morning; 18 were hit even before they could get into the line. No percentage in that."

As he spoke the blanket covering the dugout doorway was pushed aside and three young lieutenants entered, saluted and said they were reporting for duty.

"There you are, Jack," said Goforth. "Replacements for you. Take 'em with you when you go back."

The Americans come out of the woods

Somehow all that day and the next Goforth's battalion, despite its losses, managed to hump over the wooded hills, edging closer to the road connecting Grosshau with Gey. Another battalion just held onto their positions a little way outside the forest facing Grosshau, taking losses from artillery, too, but hanging on. The second day was when Sergeant Garcia charged into Grosshau and rescued the six engineers.

During the night an order came down from higher headquarters that Grosshau must be taken next day, the 29th. Maybe something in the big picture made it necessary. Nobody knew. But those were the orders, meaning frontal assault on Grosshau. Warily the preparations were made.

At 0900 under a low gray sky the first infantrymen raised themselves from their shell holes into machine-gun fire that spurted from the ruined village. Behind them came two M-10 tank destroyers, mounting three-inch guns. The tank destroyers rolled ahead where infantry could not make it through gusts of bullets, rolled near enough to German positions to silence their guns, then on to the outskirts of the village.

Ducking low, riflemen advanced 200 yards behind them, using what cover there was, firing toward the village ruins. When the tank destroyers had rumbled beyond four houses and a jagged fragment of a church, the first break came. Fifty Germans, bleary and dust-covered, scrambled from cellars shouting, "*Kamerad*" above the noise of battle. Platoon Sgt. Stanley Ward from an M-10 turret waved them back toward the infantry.

Then it was a slow, house-to-house fight, warily spraying every doorway and shed with gunfire, hurling grenades into each cellar opening, herding prisoners down the one muddy street strewn with dead men and horses, timbers, bricks and dirty straw. Neither side was shelling Grosshau, but shells were scraping overhead toward rear road junctions and supply depots.


In three hours the worst of the fight was over. A few snipers lurked in among the ruins but the muddy Americans were able to push beyond the village, set up mortars and to start attacking German entrenchments in the open field. Grosshau was ours. Between the edge of the woods and the village 250 Americans had died.

While the fight for Grosshau was at its bitter height, Major Goforth's battalion had crossed the Gey road and pushed over more hills. To the south Kleinhau and Hürtgen, two other villages, had fallen. Twice the Germans threw violent counterattacks against Goforth's men, but using his reserves and cooks, guards and engineers from Colonel Lanham's headquarters, the counterattacks were stayed. The battle of the Hürtgen Forest had drawn to its end.



Bone-weary Americans who fought in one of the forest battles eat their first hot meal in 15 days. The objective of these men was the town of Hürtgen, named for the forest, taken in November. Below: men with the unmuddied uniforms and clean-shaven faces of replacements warm their hands over a fire in the woods.





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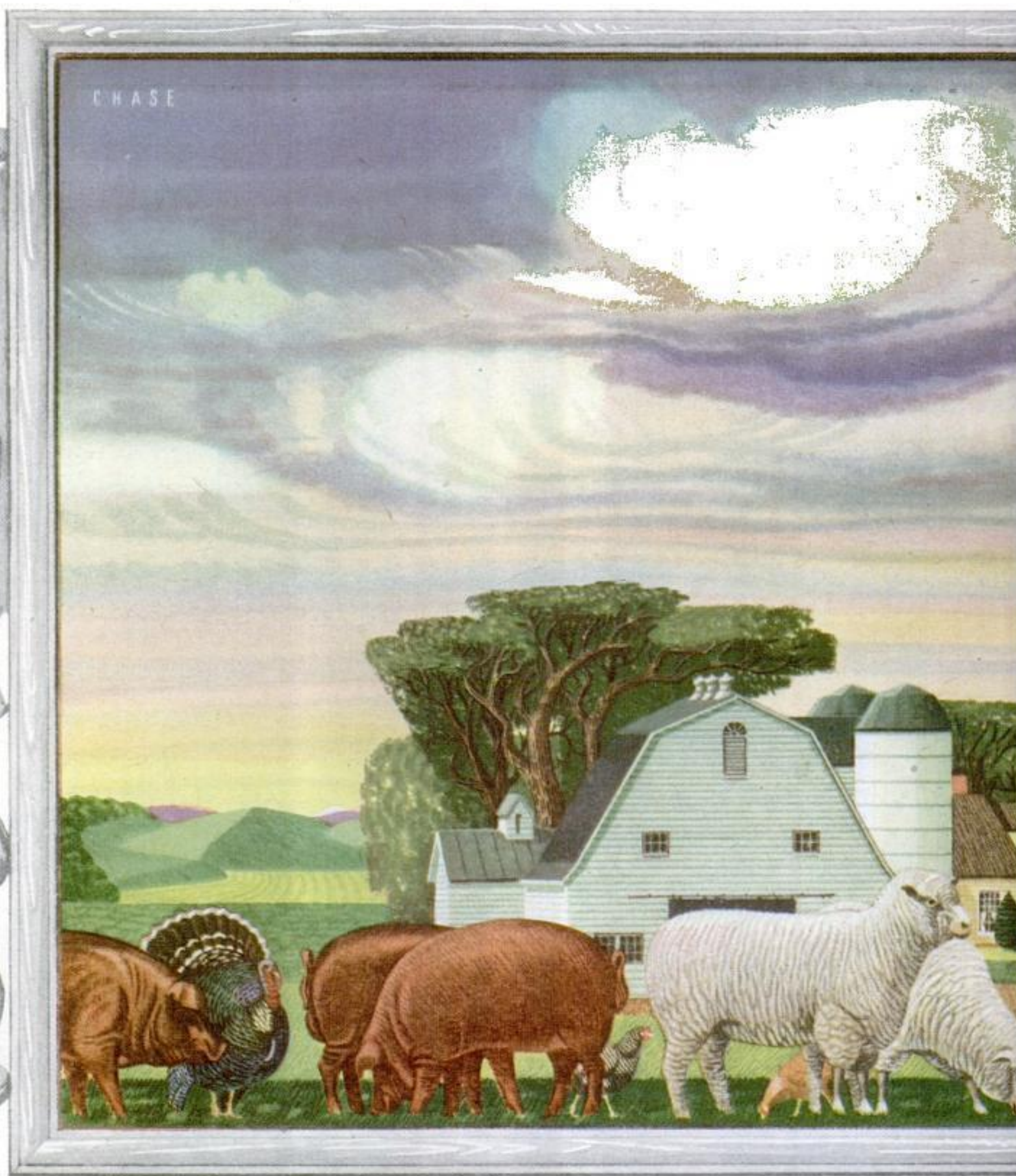
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...but one day soon this will be a safe, new U. S. Highway

THIS IS no road for your car now. It's a picture of a highway coming up. But it is also part of one of the greatest plans for American security and prosperity in the post-war years to come.

Road building is tremendous enterprise. Today, in the planning stage, it looks like jobs for seven million men and investment of billions a year—a big factor in the nation's basic economy.

New roads are needed—*now*. Before the war our great highway system carried traffic estimated in 1941 at 300 billion miles—about all the old roads could carry. New construction, stopped by war, must take care of expanding post-war transportation.

Power is the hub around which this whole operation turns. Road construction men are planning their

work now, and that means big International crawlers on the dirt-moving jobs.

These rugged tractors have been making history on some of the toughest assignments of the war. As battling "bulldozers" they've spearheaded the action on every fighting front. War has proved they have what it takes to shove roadways through with speed at lowest cost.

Harvester also builds the power units that put the push behind all kinds of graders, shovels, mixers and other road-building machines. With this equipment on the job you'll soon ride new roads in a peaceful and prosperous U.S.A.

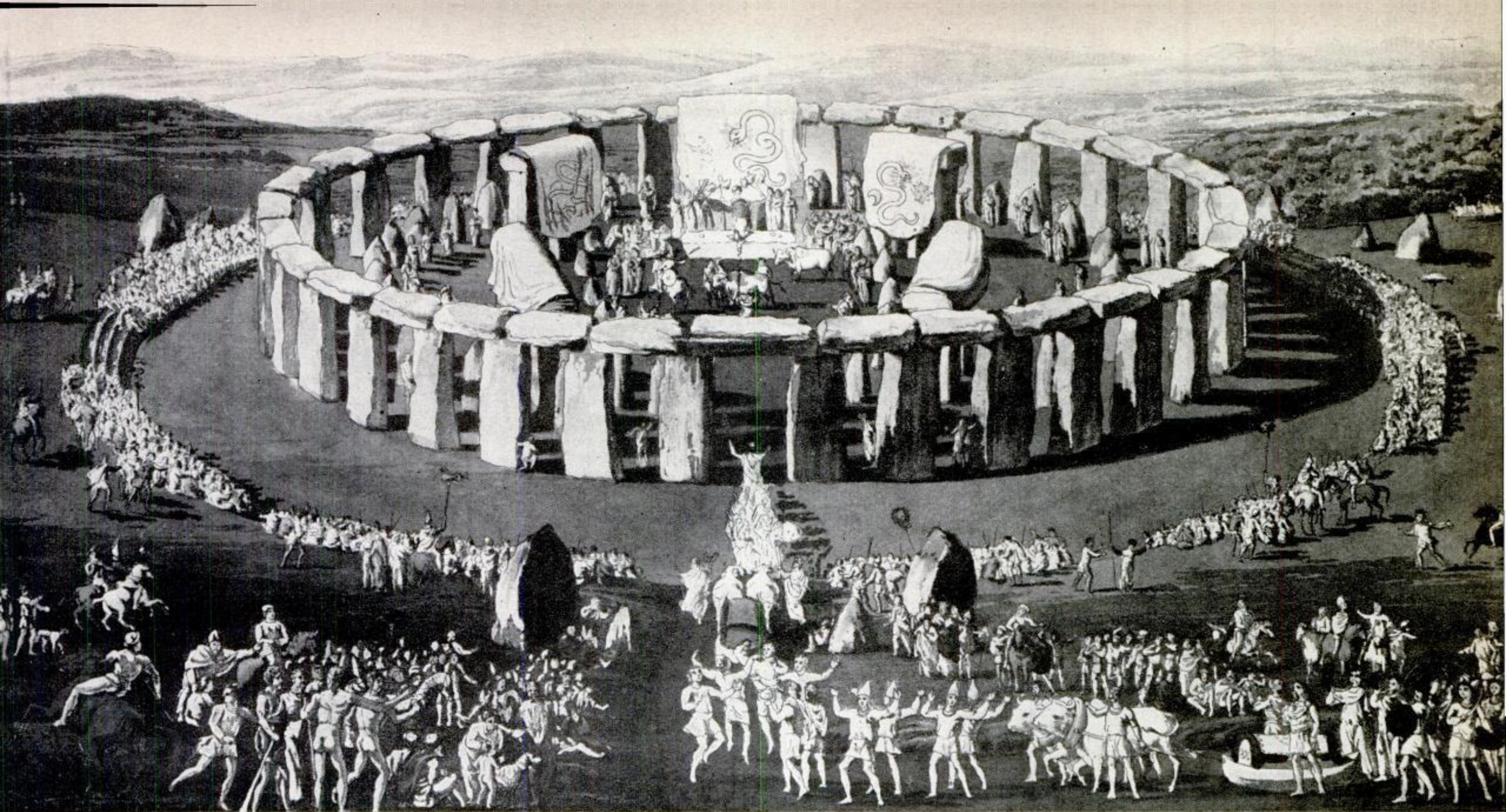
BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND KEEP THEM!



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL POWER FOR POST-WAR





The ancient ruins of Stonehenge in England, shown here in an artist's reconstruction drawing, are believed to have been built by primitive tribes as seasonal calendars. Seasons were

determined by measuring the angle at which the sun's rays penetrated the openings in the big circles of stones. The season indicated above is autumn, the occasion is a religious festival.

CALENDARS

ONCE LABORIOUSLY CALCULATED AND CARVED IN STONE, THEY ARE PRINTED TODAY BY THE MILLIONS

Man has always been engrossed with recording the passage of time. Back near the dawn of history he went to the trouble of building (above) or carving (below) calendars out of stone. Today the U. S. alone prints more than 80,000,000 calendars a year, most of them done in color like those on pages 45-46.

Before 3000 B. C. the Babylonians had worked out a yearly calendar of 12 months. At the same time primitive tribes in England set up huge stone blocks, apparently to measure the seasons. First to calculate a 365-day year were the Egyptians whose cal-

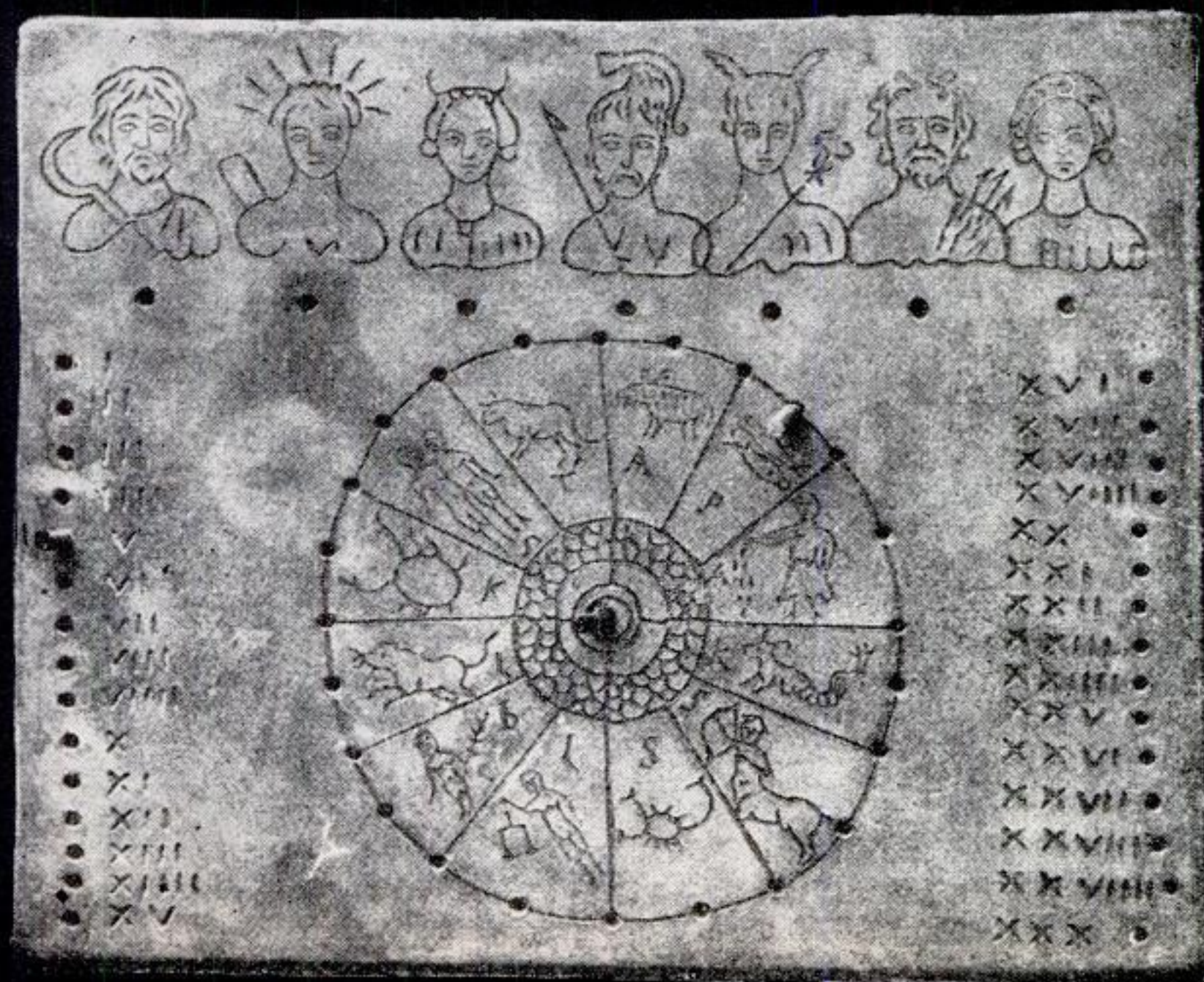
endar, some 2,500 years later, was incorporated by Julius Caesar into one that was called the Julian calendar after Caesar himself. But Caesar had overestimated the exact length of the solar year by about 44 minutes. Thus by the time Pope Gregory XIII came into office in the 16th Century, the calendar had fallen ten days behind. To correct this Gregory established the Gregorian calendar, which is used by Western civilization today. At first Protestant countries refused to accept this Catholic calendar. England finally switched from the Julian to Gregorian calendar on

Sept. 2, 1752. Awakening on the morning of Sept. 3 to find it was Sept. 14, Englishmen rioted through London shouting, "Give us back our 11 days."

Most recent official calendar change was made by the Russians who in 1929 changed to a year of 73 weeks of five days each. After two years, however, they abandoned it as impractical. A committee set up by the League of Nations has worked on 185 new versions of the calendar. Best known is a 13-month calendar in which the first of every month would always fall on Sunday. No country has yet adopted it.

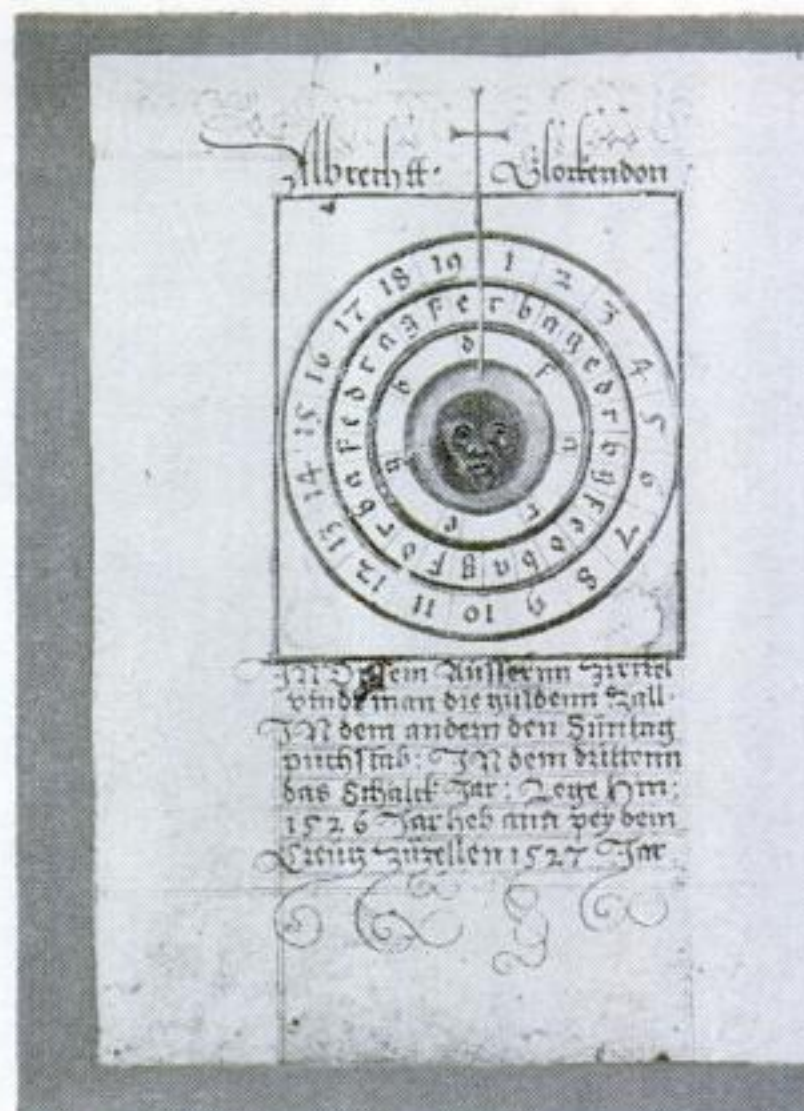
Roman calendar, used in first centuries A.D., had illustrated circle divided into 12 sections for months. The days were listed at sides. Pegs placed in holes indicated month and day.

Aztec stone calendar of 15th Century calculated 365 days to the year, just like modern Gregorian calendars. Aztecs were advanced mathematicians. Their sun god is depicted in center.

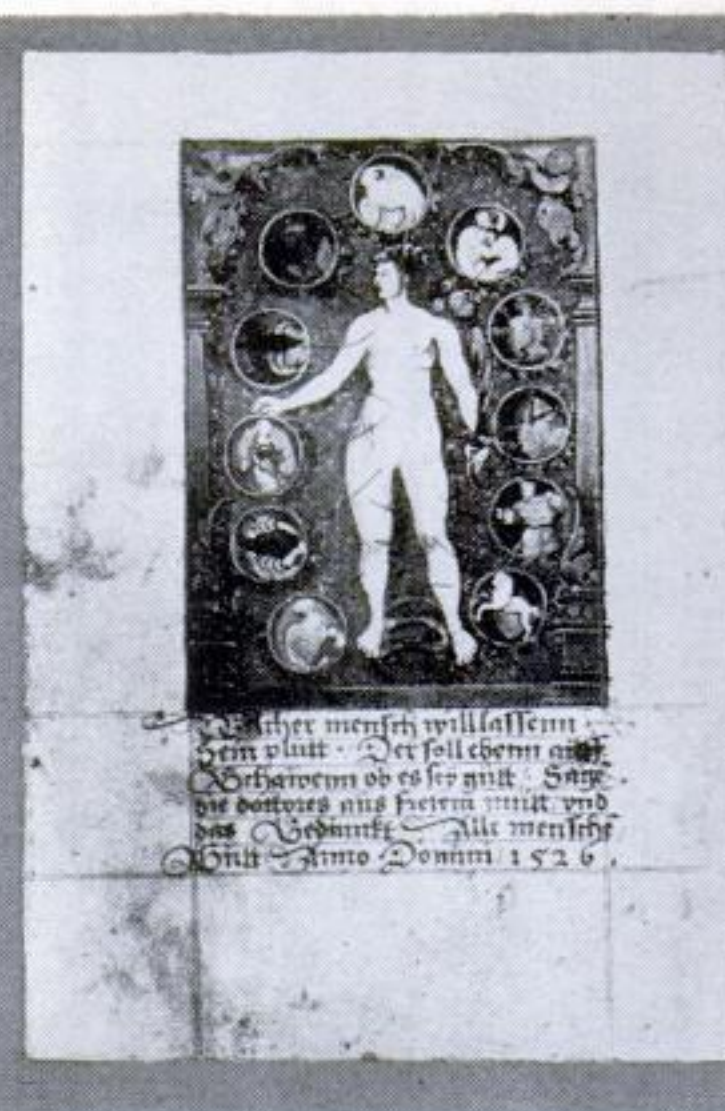




German wood-block calendar was made in 1479 by Vienna University Astronomer Johannes De Gamundia, the first to print a calendar. Half the calendar, representing January through June, is shown here. Columns headed by the names of months list all the religious and saints' days.



Manuscript calendar was designed in 1527 by Albrecht Glockendon whose name appears on the top. Numbers in the circles at left indicate festival days. At right the zodiac signs surrounding man point to the proper place and time of the month for incisions for medicinal bloodlettings.



French court calendars of the 18th century were daintily decorated with portraits of members of the King's court. Calendar left above shows Countess



Italian calendar and religious breviary of 831 pages was designed around 1478, took ten years to complete. Great 15th Century artists worked on it, including Hans Memling, who painted the June

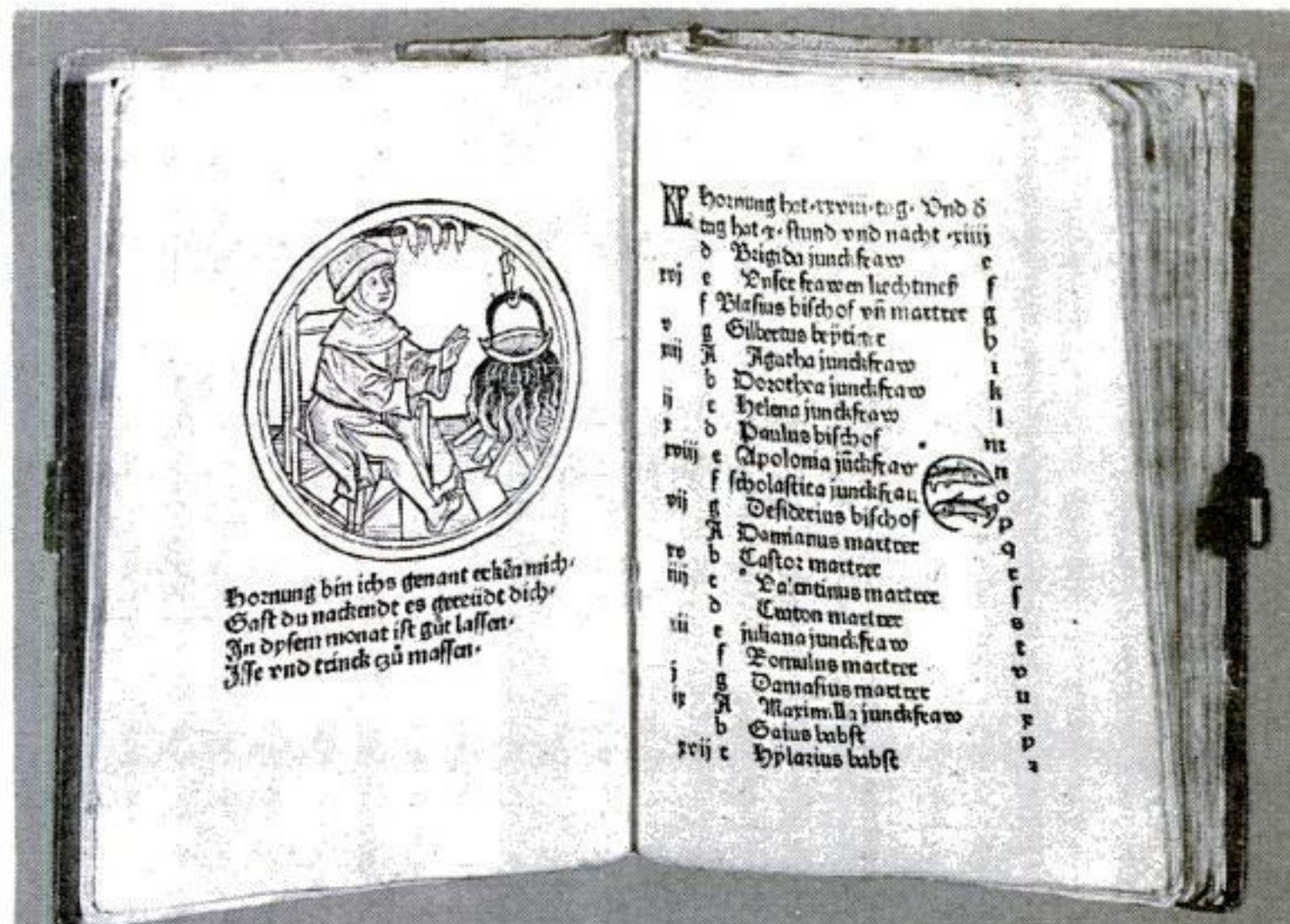
haymaking scene shown here. Book contains 110 illustrations of seasons, 721 pages illustrating Bible stories, prayers. It was sold to Cardinal Grimani, now is kept in Library of San Marco of Venice.



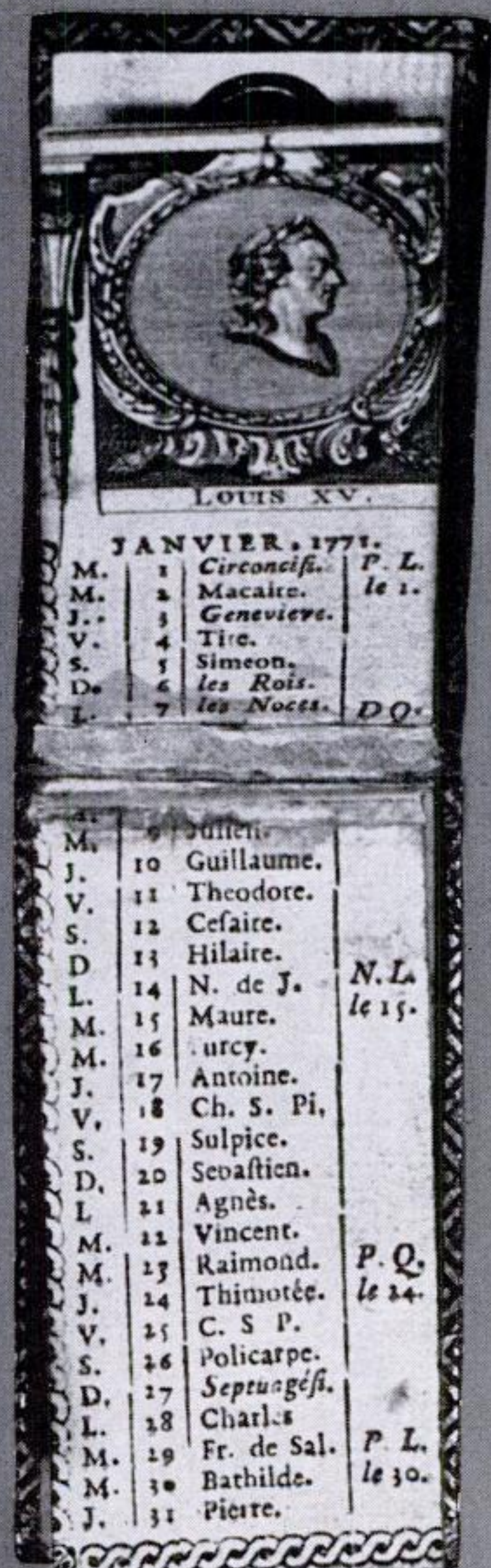
French court calendars of the 18th century were daintily decorated with portraits of members of the King's court. Calendar left above shows Countess



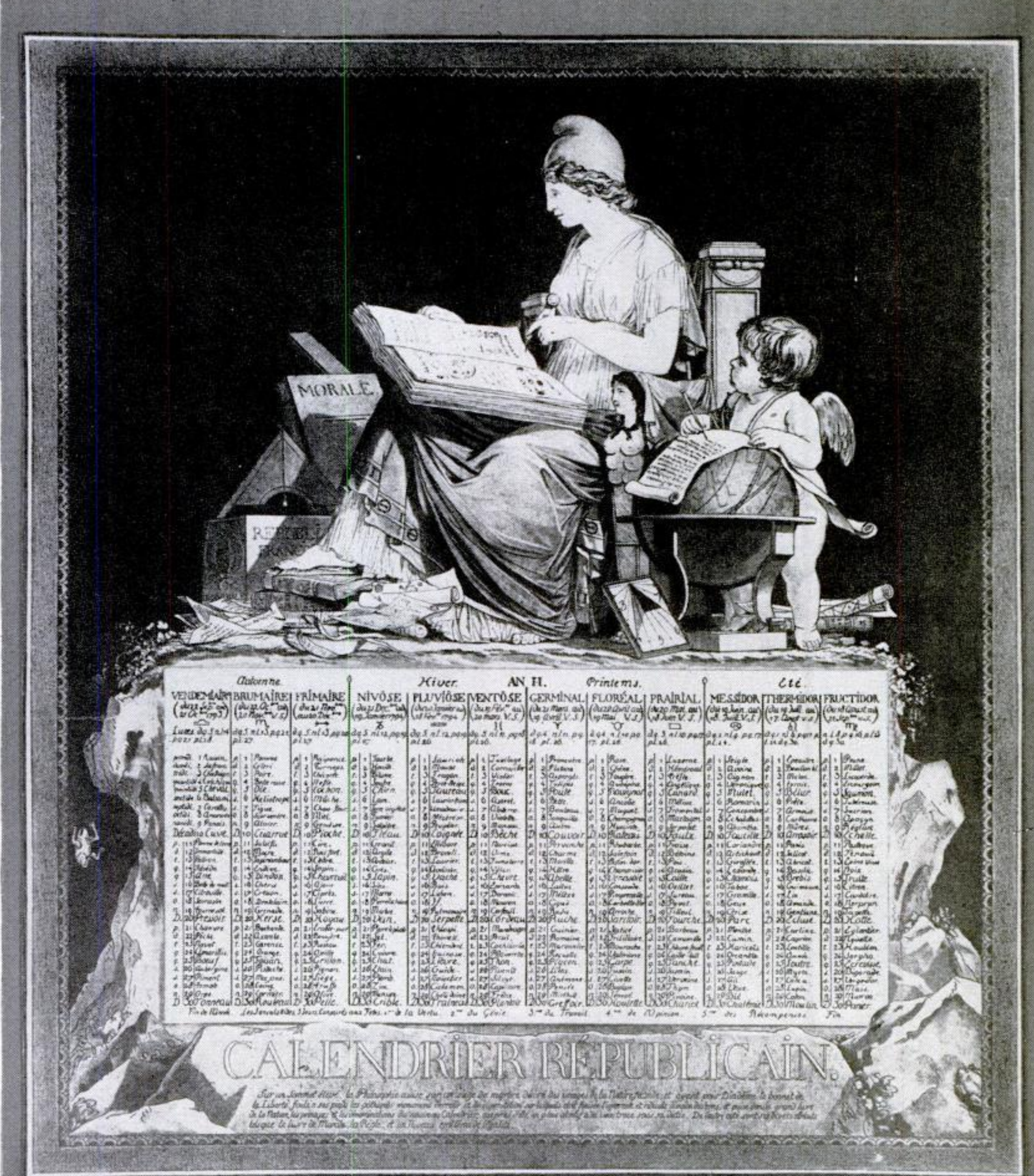
English Shepherd's Kalendar was printed in London in 1631 for a Mr. John Wright "to be sold at his shop outside Newgate." It is based on the antiquated Julian calendar although Gregorian calendar was already in use in most of Europe. Drawings were made from French woodblocks.



Gutenberg calendars, done in Germany by the inventor of movable type, were first printed in 1400s. At first he printed them on one side of a sheet of paper so they could be tacked on walls. But when printing presses were perfected printers bound calendars into almanacs like this one.



d'Artois. Above right shows Louis XV. It may have belonged to Marie Antoinette, is now in Metropolitan Museum. Calendars listed the names of saints.



French Revolutionary calendar, used in France from 1792 to 1806, differed from the Gregorian. It divided the year into the four seasons beginning with autumn. First month of the first season was

called Vendémiaire, meaning vintage month. It ran from Sept. 22 to Oct. 21. The long, numbered lists showed days named after flowers, fruit, farm products, farm animals and agricultural implements.

THEY REFLECT AMERICAN TASTE IN MODERN ART

The U. S. every year spends \$25,000,000 on calendars, almost all paid by manufacturers, banks, insurance companies, shops, who give them away as advertising. To make sure their calendars are actually hung up on customers' walls, buyers keep a sharp eye on popular taste in calendar art. Calendars shown in color on following pages are 1945's best sellers. Top ranking are homely, nostalgic subjects. But their place is threatened by gaudy girls in the nude or seminude.

Increasingly popular idea in calendar art is use of paintings by modern U. S. easel artists (*below*). Most elaborate example this year is the Pepsi-Cola calendar which reproduces paintings by the artists who won prizes in the company's recent \$11,000 art contest.



POPULAR CALENDAR IN 1906 OPENED INTO SHAPE OF A FAN, SHOWED OLD-TIME GLAMOUR GIRL WITH PICTURE HAT



Waldo Peirce painting, *Maine Swimming Hole*, decorates July month in 1945 Pepsi-Cola calendar. It won \$2,500 first prize in competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company



Gladys Rockmore Davis painting, *Companions*, is reproduced in new calendar issued by Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co. Original canvas has been shown in leading U. S. museums.



Nick Voglein, a 17-year-old artist of Akron, Ohio, won a \$200 prize for his *Mist over the Marshes*. It is shown in color in the new 1945 calendar put out by U. S. Time Corporation.



Paul Sample's *The Fox Hunt* was published by Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co. Organization known as the American Artists Group sold company the idea of "fine" art for calendars.



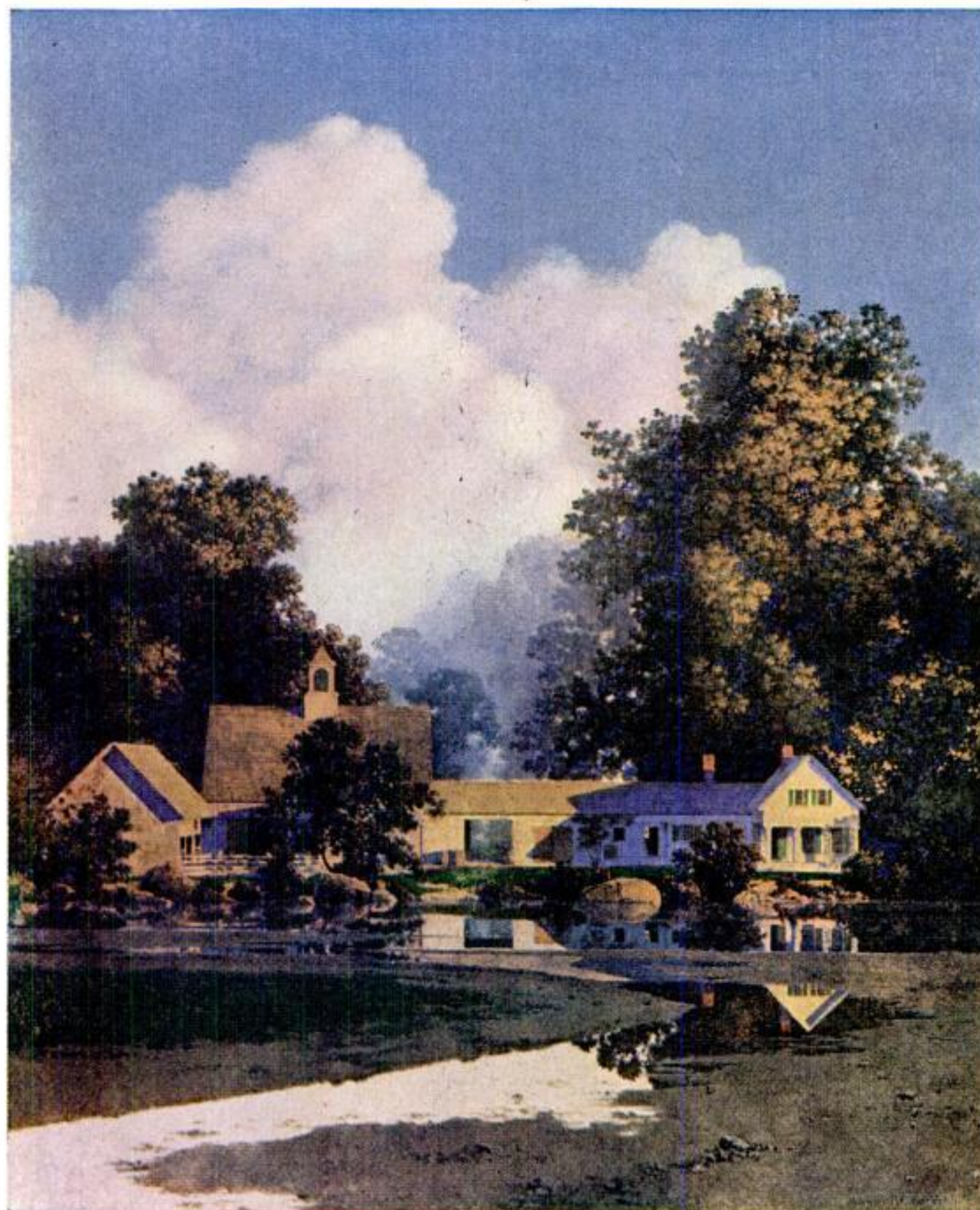
JANUARY * 1945

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

"Dionne Quintuplets" by Andrew Loomis are dolled up as farmerettes for this 1945 calendar which is fifth best seller. This is 10th calendar appearance for quints, who are now 10 years old.



Boy Scout calendar painted by Norman Rockwell is the top best seller this year, just as it was in 1944. It is bought mostly by banks, funeral homes and life insurance companies.



Landscape is by Maxfield Parrish, 74, who was long famous for turning out paintings which combined romantic nudes and bucolic settings. Today his landscape calendars are just bucolic.



"The American Way," showing soldier feeding a war orphan, is another Norman Rockwell best-seller. Since the war Rockwell has specialized in patriotic calendars and posters.



"Toast of the Town" is by Rolf Armstrong, who specializes in girl paintings. The kind of calendars shown on this page is bought heavily by foundries, machine shops, auto-supply dealers.



Nudes and seminudes have jumped from sixth place to third among calendar best sellers in the last year. This one by Zoe Mozert has been outselling all others in the 1945 market.



Scantly dressed girls are by Moran, who did three at bottom of this page. Model for this was Cece Eames, showgirl.



More clothes and a different pose are used by Cece Eames (see left) to produce another Moran calendar for this year.



Legs are emphasized. They are shapely but unnaturally long. The ideal calendar girl is slim, has tiny waist but 35-in. bust.

*He needs you more than ever
in a war-changed world*

FROM THE MOMENT when first you cradle your baby in your arms, you are the all-important being in his small, new life. Today, especially, when his doctor is so busy and there are so few nurses, he needs *your* wise, loving care to help him grow up sturdy and strong.

Guard him from the "other fellow's cold"

In these first few months of his life one of the greatest threats to your baby's health is a cold. Yes, just a common cold—rarely serious with an adult—can be the start of a dangerous illness to your baby. Respiratory infections and their resulting complications cause more fatalities among infants than any other illness.

The *surest* way to guard your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to make sure he never comes in contact with it. But suppose *you* get a cold—and there is no one else to take care of your baby?

Trap germs with a protective mask

The next best thing to keeping your baby completely isolated from the person with a cold—is to reduce the risk of contagion with a protective mask. Be sure to wear it, if you have a cold, whenever you are in the same room with him. And insist that *anyone else* who has a cold wear a protective mask if he must come in contact with your baby.

Tissue mask quick and easy to make

Even though you may not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can make an effective emergency mask of tissue. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs—greatly lessen the danger of contagion. Remember—a cold can be a real threat to your baby's health—be sure always to take this simple precaution to guard him from respiratory infection.

You hold, in your two hands, your precious new baby's safety and well-being. With your watchful care, he need never suffer from a war-caused doctor and nurse shortage.

THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

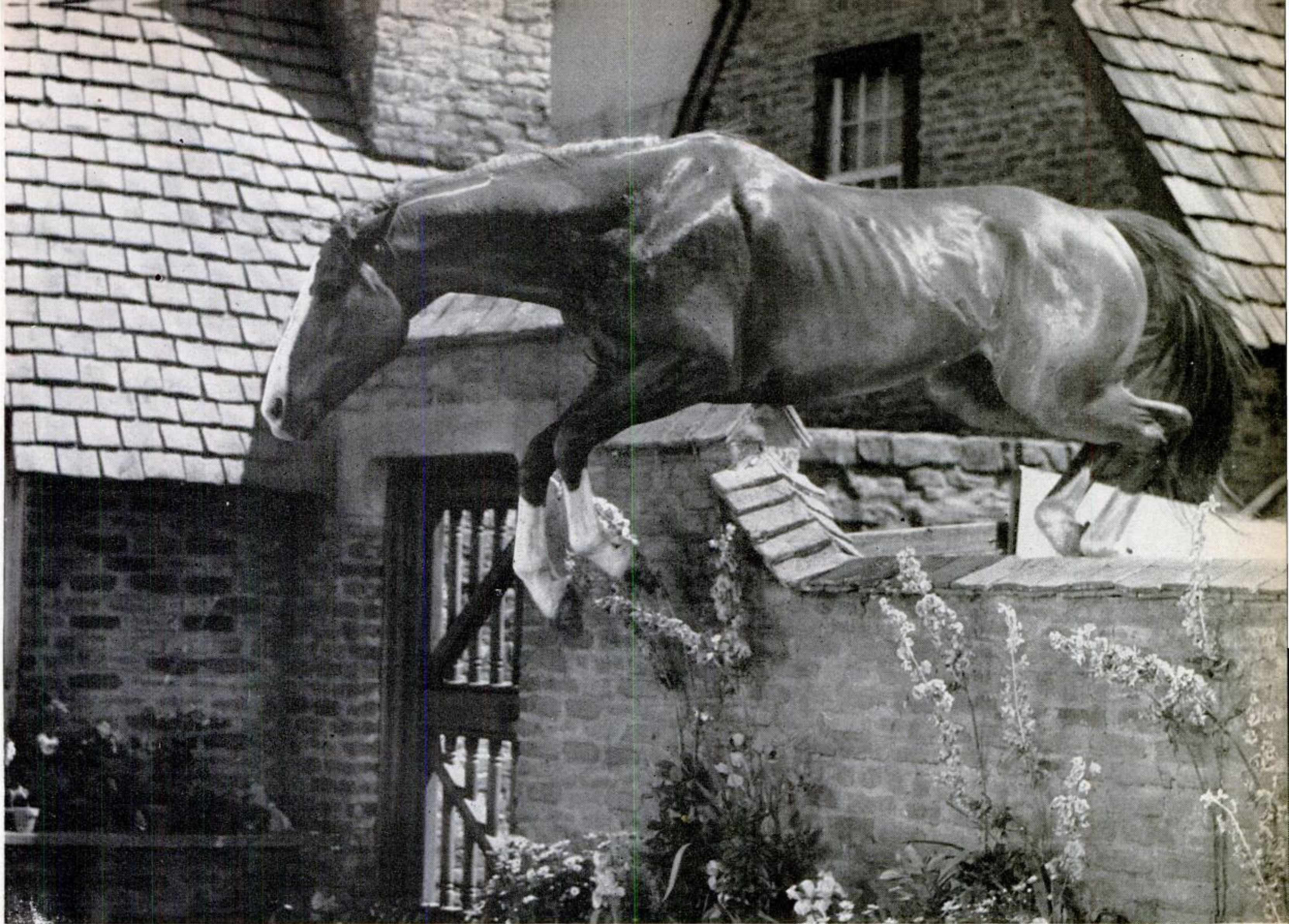
The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And, with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*Millions are Grateful
for its Luxury Texture*



RIDING HER HORSE, "THE PIE," ACROSS THE ENGLISH DOWNS,
VELVET MEETS HER EX-JOCKEY FRIEND IN HIS BUTCHER'S CART





THE PIE GOES ON A RAMPAGE THROUGH A QUIET ENGLISH VILLAGE. PUT IN A RAFFLE BY HIS IRATE OWNER, THE GELDING IS WON BY VELVET BROWN, A BUTCHER'S DAUGHTER

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

National Velvet

A Girl Wins the Grand National

In *National Velvet* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Director Clarence Brown has fashioned one of the most wholesome and heart-warming movies of recent years. It tells how Velvet Brown, the 12-year-old daughter of a butcher, wins a sorrel gelding called "The Pie" in a raffle and how she and Mi Taylor, a vagabond ex-jockey, train him to win the Grand National Steeplechase. Filmed in Technicolor which captures the windswept beauty of the English downs, *National Velvet* is an endearing fable of a child's faith in an animal.

"I, too," says Velvet's mother, "believe that everyone should have a chance at a breathtaking piece of folly once in his life. . . . Your dream has come early. But remember, Velvet, it'll have to last you all the rest

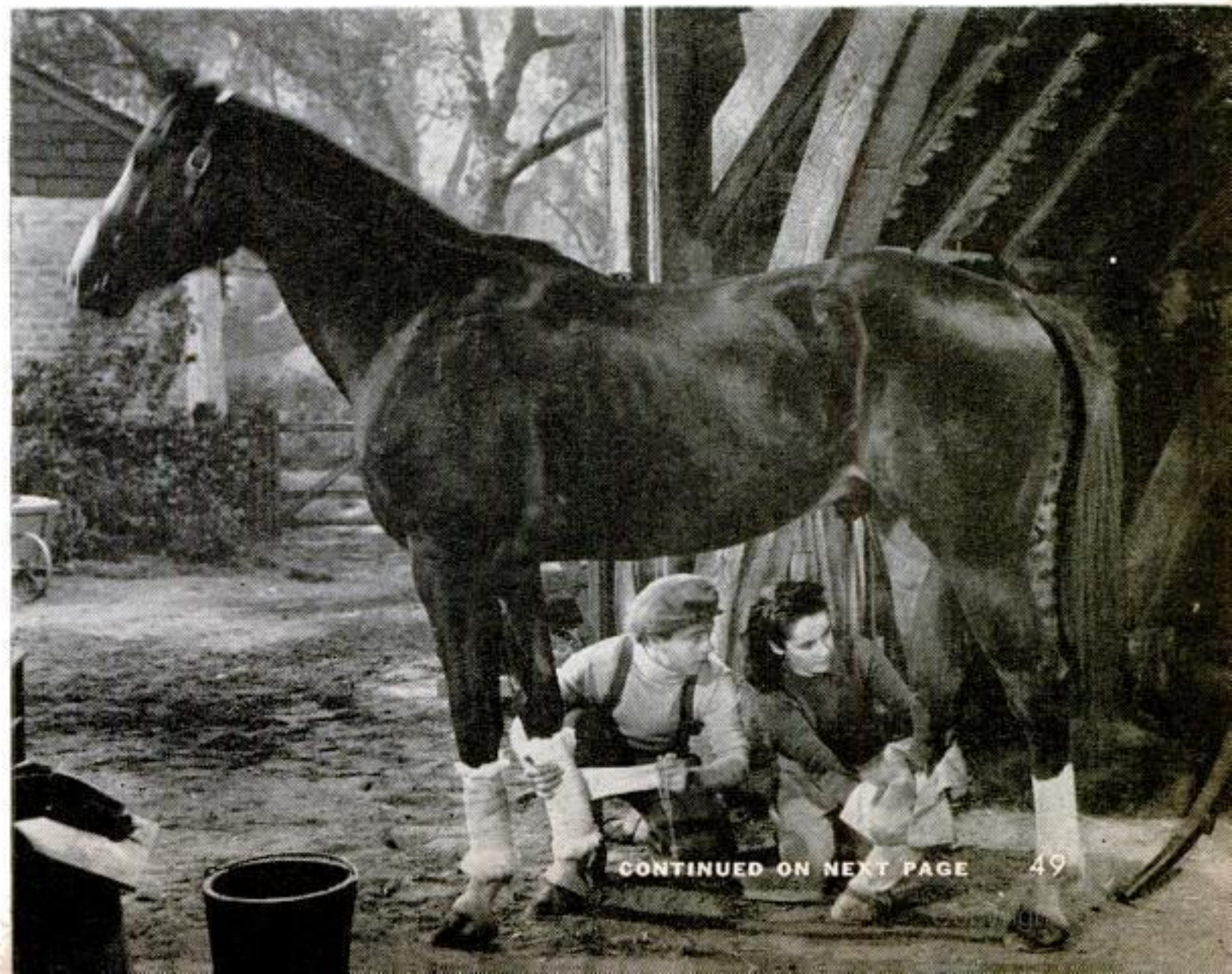
of your life." Then she takes 100 sovereigns she had won years before for swimming the Channel and gives them to her daughter to enter The Pie in the world's most celebrated steeplechase. The climax of the movie is this race, which audiences cheer with all the excitement of a real race.

There are fine performances in *National Velvet* by 7-year-old Jackie Jenkins (*The Human Comedy*) and Mickey Rooney. Best of all is 12-year-old Elizabeth Taylor (*Lassie Come Home*) as Velvet. Elizabeth rode in many of sequences herself, personally chose the horse which plays The Pie. He is a high-spirited animal called King Charles whose previous movie specialty had been jumping over an auto filled with people.

EX-JOCKEY MI TAYLOR WARNS VELVET OF THE HAZARDS OF THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE



UNDER MI TAYLOR'S EXPERT SUPERVISION THE PIE GETS A THOROUGH GROOMING



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**HE CAN'T SHOW
you HIS MAPS**



**But
LOOK AT HIS HANDY
NEW MAP-CASE**

War maps are "secret, confidential and restricted." But this general's new map-case is not. It unrolls and spreads flat with an ingenious frame of plastic strips to hold maps rigid and weatherproof. The plastic frame, hanger and transparent lining are all attached with United-Carr fasteners.

Here again is a piece of war-developed material, Dot-fastened, which should have many uses in times of peace. Especially by aviators and motorists... and for field work by engineers and contractors.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

**DOT
FASTENERS**

"National Velvet" (continued)



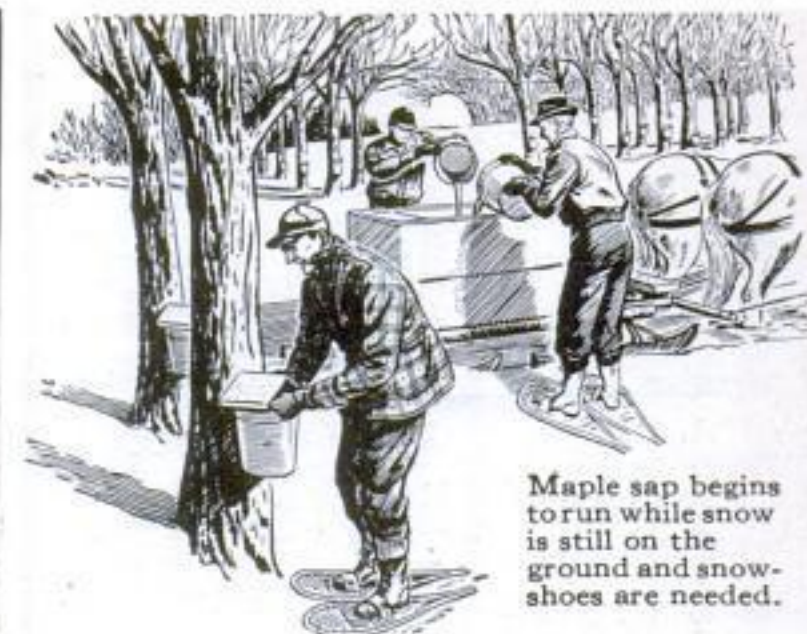
The Pie's entry fee in the Grand National is paid by Velvet's mother (Anne Revere) who remembers her own youthful ambitions. In the attic she and Velvet look at the scrapbook of clippings which tell how Mrs. Brown once swam the English Channel.



Going off to Aintree, Velvet and Mi say goodbye from truck which carries The Pie. Arriving at the famous racecourse they discover that the jockey they have hired has no respect for his mount. Velvet decides to ride in his place and has Mi cut her hair.



After the race is won Velvet becomes a celebrity, even though she is disqualified for being a female. Here her little brother shares her fame by happily posing for photographer. Velvet wisely decides to pass up movie offers and remain with her family.



Maple sap begins to run while snow is still on the ground and snowshoes are needed.

Captures real maple sugar flavor

The favorite in New England—where they know maple sugar flavor best—is Vermont Maid Syrup.

For that real maple sugar flavor, we select maple sugar with a good rich flavor. Then skillfully blend it with cane sugar and other sugars.

This blend enhances the maple flavor... makes it richer. And you get this fine, true flavor of delicious maple sugar in every bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup. Get it at your grocer's today.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.,
Burlington, Vermont.



**Vermont Maid
Syrup**



**FOUNTAIN FAVORITE FOR
YEARS, NOW IN BOTTLES, TOO**

MEAT . . . a yardstick of proteins . . . in a kettleful of flavor



MEAT STEW

It looks good, smells good and tastes good to you—but what does it do for you?

Meat furnishes proteins . . . and proteins are essential to life.

Best of all—not just a few cuts of meat provide proteins. All of them do. Not just proteins, but complete proteins of highest quality.

So remember—whatever meat your meat-man has these limited-meat days is a protein food of highest quality.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the United States



This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Laugh with "The Life of Riley," featuring William Bendix—every Sunday evening on the Blue Network—see paper for local time and station.

Music, Romance,

Fun and Dance

Everything you want is in
"Belle of the Yukon!"

m-m-m-m-m-m

m-m

oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h

ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h

haw-w-w-w-w-w-w-w

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC. presents

RANDOLPH SCOTT

GYPSY ROSE LEE

DINAH SHORE

BOB BURNS

in

"BELLE OF THE YUKON"

A Technicolor Musical

Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. SEITER**

with **CHARLES WINNINGER**

WILLIAM MARSHALL • **GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS**

ROBERT ARMSTRONG • **FLORENCE BATES**

and those GORGEOUS YUKON BELLES

Written for the screen by **JAMES EDWARD GRANT**

Story by **Houston Branch** • Music and Lyrics by
JOHNNY BURKE and **JIMMY VAN HEUSEN**

Released by

RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT



IS INTERNATIONAL!



THE ACROPOLIS looms on its butte, as seen from the Bema, the open-air meeting place of the early Athenian

legislature. The Parthenon is the building at right on Acropolis. From the left are visible the rear porch of Erechtheum,

Propylaea and Athena Nike. Two architects, Callicrates and Mnesicles, fought bitterly for space and jobs on Acropolis.

ATHENS

ITS ANCIENT ART IS SEEN BY LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER KESSEL

Between sessions of recording the civil war in Athens, LIFE Photographer Dmitri Kessel turned to the eternal wonder that Athenians of 2,400 years ago made. His magnificent pictures of ancient Athens are shown on the following pages. These Athenians had lifted themselves out of the brutalities of preceding civilizations. In freedom and dignity they produced this work, on which millions of awed and baffled words have since been written. The temples of the

Acropolis, the fortified butte which overlooks Athens, form the most beautiful concentration of architecture the world has produced.

The Athenians preferred to build temples. Their life was out of doors in public places and they liked to have their gods nearby. The gods lived in the temples and their altars were built outside. In the great age Attic architecture was laconic and tense, without anything meaningless or playful. It used exquisite

curves, invisible to the eye. It differentiated every part of the structure, but in a unity that seems almost to breathe.

View above shows the western side of the Acropolis and the entrance stairway. Greeks made the entrance road graceful and winding. Romans straightened and formalized it. A German artillery lieutenant in 1687, on Venetian orders, shelled the Parthenon, blowing up the Turkish powder magazine within.



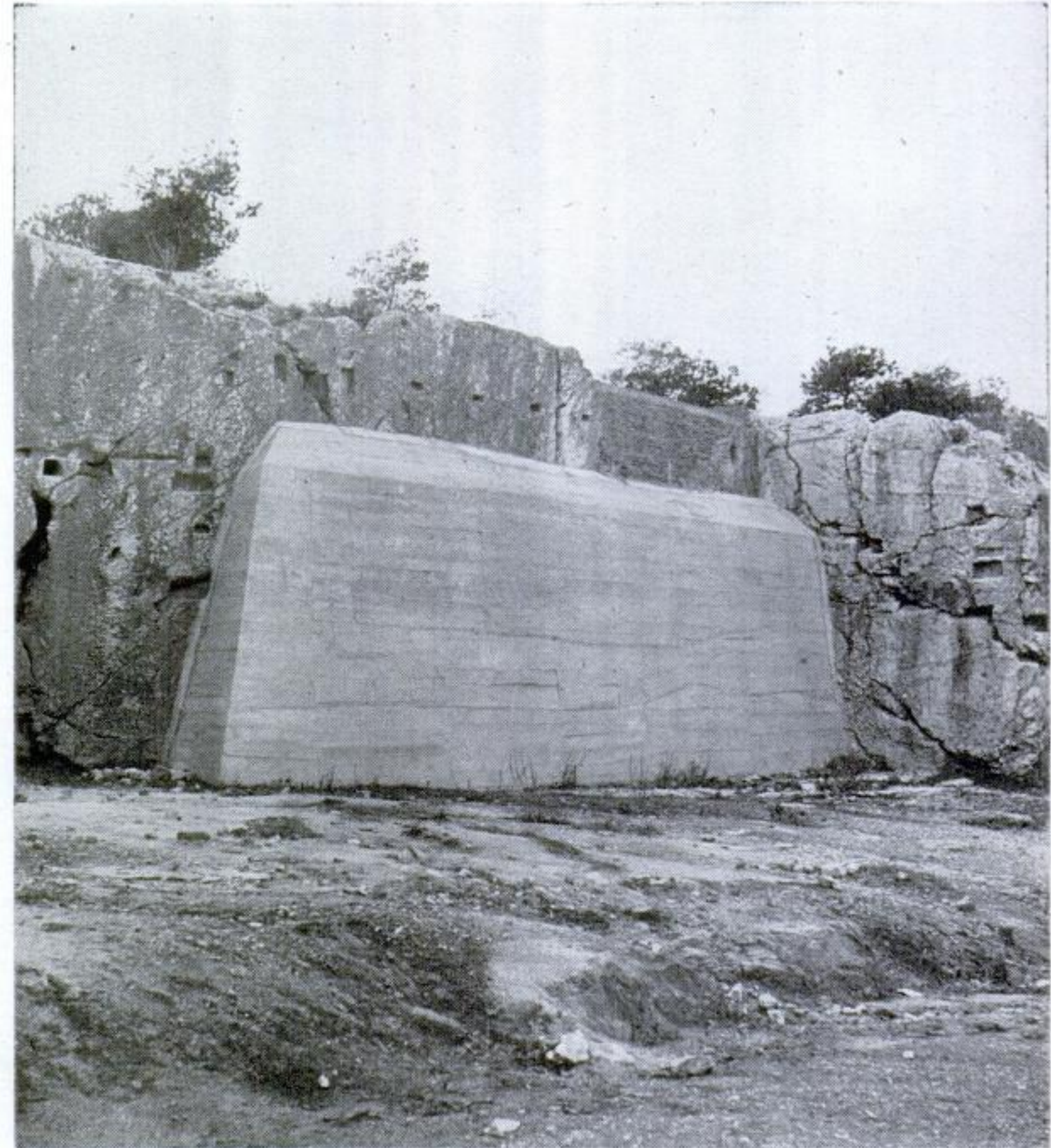
MAIN GATEWAY to ancient Athens was the Dipylon (double gate) which opened on the Sacred Way which led westward to the shrine of Demeter at Eleusis. Since this was the low point of the town wall, the gate was heavily fortified. The road was wide enough for two narrow chariots to pass. At right were a tower and well house.



ANCIENT ARCH near the Keraneikos (potters' quarter) was built in about 300 B.C. as part of fortifications of main gate. The view here looks toward the remains of a massive double wall filled in with earth, about 14 feet wide, that surrounded the city. The courtyard on which the gate opens was a trap for attacking armies. Philip of Macedon fought his way in, had difficulty getting out.



UNFINISHED COLUMN DRUMS from the first Parthenon record an ancient atrocity. The Persian Xerxes had burned and torn down buildings of Acropolis during the Persian wars. After the Athenians had defeated him at Plataea, Themistocles started rebuilding and, as a reminder, put the remnants of first Acropolis in new wall.



ANCIENT STONE CAVE stands in side of a hill south of the Acropolis. In it three rooms were carved, perhaps a thousand years before the great age of Athens, when the kings of the little Mycenaean valleys sometimes fortified themselves in caves or behind gigantic stone walls. It has been called, without any basis, the prison of Socrates. The concrete facing on the rock is, of course, new.



THE THEATER OF DIONYSUS saw the early performances of the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes. First built in stone in 340 B.C., it was often altered, once by the Emperor Hadrian whose seat was placed

on the big block of marble at the upper right. The priest of Dionysus sat second from the right. Priests sat in the marble seats of the front row. In front of the stage (off left) was the altar to Dionysus, god of pleasure, wine and mimicry. Floor

slopes to the left to carry off the rainwater. For the Athenian drama festivals even the prisoners were paroled from jail, got drunk and threw vegetables at the stage. These seats back directly on the Acropolis. For some details of seats, see below.



PRIESTS' SEATS at Theater of Dionysus bear the inscriptions, from left, priest of goddess Nemesis, priest of the Anakes (Castor and Pollux) and of the Athenian hero Epitegios and the priest-janitor of the temple of Zeus. The seats were not uncomfortable and on the marble benches in the back rows ample room was allowed to place the feet without kneeling the spectator seated in front.



THEATER DECORATIONS were carvings representing Silenus, who was drunken nurse and companion of Dionysus. Later name was attached to any old satyr. Bearded head at left shows a Silenus as usually represented—gross, grinning and snub-nosed, presumably drunk. The large statue may have represented somebody more respectable.



BEST PRESERVED GREEK TEMPLE was raised on the flat Attic plain northwest of the Acropolis to Hephaestus (the Greek Vulcan) and Athena in 421 B. C., at the height

of the great age. It was long mistakenly called the Theseum, after the legendary founder of Athens. It is pure, magnificent Doric, although longer, narrower and higher than the Parthenon.

GREAT ATHENS WAS BUILT IN THIRTY YEARS

Within a period of only 30 years, in the late Fifth Century before Christ, the Athenians of Pericles and Phidias raised all the buildings on the Acropolis and achieved an architectural perfection never again reached by man. The crude ideas for this lovely art had come dimly from Crete a thousand years before and from the savage Mycenaean Greeks of the coasts. The later Greeks were divided into the Dorians, who lived on the Greek mainland, and the Ionians, who lived on the islands and the Asia mainland. The Attic Athenians finally combined the architectural styles of both, the plain Doric, which was always conceived as

an architecture in stone, and more decorative Ionic, which began as a stone imitation of wood and metal.

For the Greeks of the great age the palace had been completely replaced by the temple as the center of life. Because there was rain but little snow, the roofs had to be gabled but could be of low pitch. The temples were not for men to live in but to look into and enter easily. After their victories over the Persians, the Athenians came home to rebuild their city of marble. They concentrated their work on the Acropolis (Greek for citadel), a 1,000-foot plateau three miles inland, which had been called the Stork's Nest in earlier times.



ATHENA VICTORIOUS (Athena Nike) got this superb little temple atop stairway that mounts western face of the Acropolis butte. Turks tore it down and built it into a gun battery in 1686. German archaeologists reassembled it in 1835. The columns are Ionic. Friezes showed scenes from the battle of Plataea against the Persians in 479. Architect was Callicrates.



ACROPOLIS GATEWAY, the Propylaea, had a north wing (right) called Hall of Paintings. It was long a Turkish governor's residence (his harem was the Erechtheum) until lightning exploded a powder magazine kept in it in 1645. In foreground stood huge bronze, colored statue of Athena Promachus. Propylaea combined Doric columns (visible here) and Ionic.



THE ERECHTHEUM on north side of the Acropolis was meant as a delicate Ionic foil for the classic Doric Parthenon. It honored Athena Polias (protector of the city), Poseidon and the legendary first king of Athens, Erechtheus. At left is the Porch of the Maidens or Caryatides, making a rare Greek use of statues as columns, here exquisitely suitable. In foreground

room was wooden statue of Athena. Beyond were her sacred olive tree and grave of Kekrops, another "traditional founder" of Athens; at right a hole supposedly made by Poseidon's trident. Irregular design was forced by fixed position of these sacred tokens. The Erechtheum was finished, after the interruption of the Peloponnesian wars and Pericles' death, in 407 B. C.



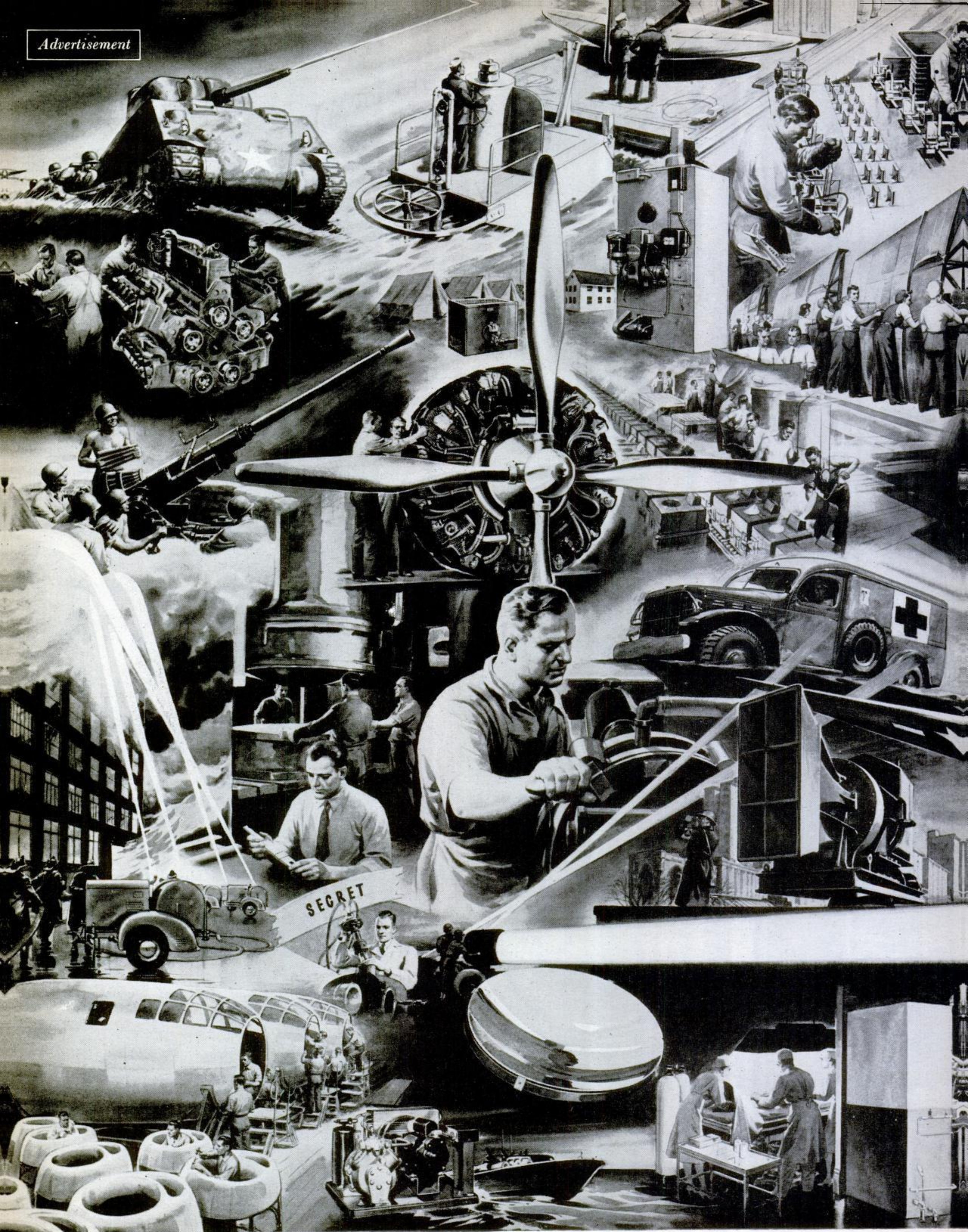
TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN ZEUS is late Athenian and uses the third and last order of Greek column, the Corinthian. The column is relatively slenderer than Doric or Ionic and has an elaborated capital of 16 acanthus leaves, stalks and scrolls. Huge and sophisticated, its style left far behind the curt perfection of Athens' great age. Begun in 530 B.C. by

Peisistratus, who introduced the worship of Athena. This temple was finally finished in 129 A.D. by the Emperor Hadrian, a marked contrast to the speed with which the Acropolis was finished. Of the 104 columns, covering a small city block, only 16 remain. One blew down in 1852, is shown lying as it fell (*above*). In photograph below the Acropolis can be seen in the background.

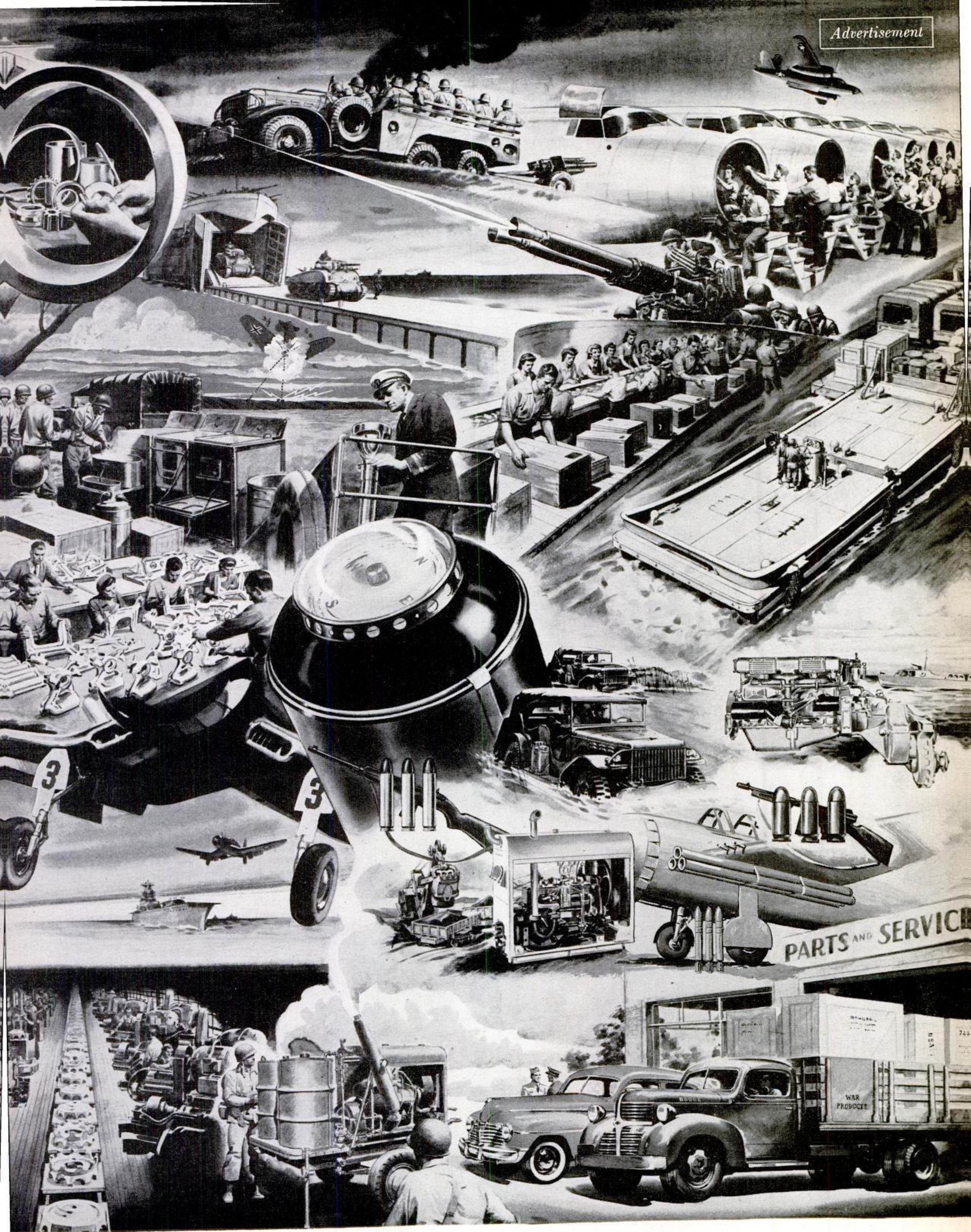




**15 COLUMNS TO OLYMPIAN ZEUS
STILL STAND ON THE ATTIC PLAIN**



Pictorial Report - on "Engineered Production" - by Chrysler



Corporation - Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Chrysler... Artcraft, Amphlet

CLOSE-UP

STALIN AT 65

THE WORLD'S LEAST-KNOWN GREAT MAN HAS BECOME SAVIOR, SYMBOL AND LIVING LEGEND TO RUSSIANS

by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

The author, an associate editor of LIFE, recently returned from the Soviet Union where he spent ten months as *Time* and LIFE correspondent. During his stay in Moscow and in his travels around the country he collected the current legends and stories about Marshal Stalin. Interviewing Stalin's ever larger number of foreign visitors, he has found out details of the Marshal's life which most Americans—and most Russians do not know.

On Dec. 21 Joseph Stalin was 65 years old. The Russians realize that Stalin is not getting any younger. But they almost never discuss the possibility of his death. Once, while having a late supper at the home of a young partisan in Moscow, I broached the subject by asking, "Who will succeed Stalin?"

The reaction of this family, which had what we would call a "middle-class" background, is an interesting indication of the attitudes of different generations. The mother, a pretty but unsuccessful actress in her early 40s, replied in a tone of contempt, "He's a Georgian. *He will never die. They live forever.*"

The aged, toothless grandmother, intensely religious and nationalistic, quickly crossed herself and mumbled, "May God will it!" Her grandson, a



Stalin as a schoolboy (*in forefront*) in the Georgian village of Gori, his birthplace, is already a leader according to this painting. It is one of an official series on his revolutionary activities.



Stalin meets Lenin for the first time at 1905 Bolshevik conference in Finland. The painting does not show Leon Trotsky, who lost out in the struggle for power with Stalin after Lenin's death.

Statue of Stalin makes him look much taller than he really is. Official pictures and portraits and thousands of statues like this one in Moscow are all that most Russian citizens see of Stalin.

partisan recuperating from a serious shoulder wound, glared at his mother and then said, matter-of-factly, "I suppose the man, Stalin, may have to die someday. But Stalin, the ideal, is ours now forever."

For several years a foreign mission in Moscow has been quietly and unofficially surveying the public attitude toward Stalin. While the "poll" is hardly as exhaustive as one by Dr. Gallup or Elmo Roper, it does support the opinion of many other observers in Russia: that although there are still some anti-Stalinist Russians, they are no longer either potent or vocal. Three and a half years of what Stalin termed the "Great Patriotic War" has effectively united, as never before, most of the Soviet peoples behind the present dictatorship.

Even the acting Patriarch of the Russian Church recently addressed Stalin as "our dear supreme leader whom God has sent us." Americans may smile at this tribute, but Russians do not find it a cause for mirth, not even the Russian Communists who are still nonbelievers. Tens of millions of devout worshipers are convinced that the motherland has again been saved from destruction, as in the time of Napoleon and other invaders, by the emergence of a potent and sage leader who is able to unite the masses and vanquish the foe. Today Russians can no more imagine the Soviet Union without Stalin than Americans can imagine the U. S. without its constitution. They have built a legend around Stalin.

In it Stalin, the symbol or ideal, and Stalin, the man, are fused. His accomplishments, real and legendary, would make him a combination of Tom Paine, Horace Mann, Henry Kaiser and Jim Farley rolled together with Clifton Fadiman, George Washington, Henry Wallace and Paul Bunyan. In his latest official biography Stalin is hailed for achievements covering the fields of agriculture, education, military affairs, canal building, polar exploration and even the editing of Rules for Collective Farms. He is also referred to as the author of the 1936 Constitution. A prominent party leader once frankly admitted that "It is not easy to grasp the figure of Stalin in all its gigantic proportions." He stated that, in fact, "there has been no major development in our labors, no innovation, slogan or trend of policy of any importance of which Comrade Stalin was not the author."

That Stalin would have to perform six miracles at once to live up to this advertising does not worry the Russians. The things are done, and everything the Russian people read and hear says that Stalin did them.

How? First there is the legend of Stalin's wonderful storehouse of knowledge, both classical and practical. His speeches and his conversations are often studded with allusions to Greek mythology, to Aristotle, Plato, Hegel, Nietzsche and the Bible as well as Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. He is familiar with all the great Slav writers and supposedly knows more about Shakespeare, Dickens and Fenimore Cooper than an Oxford dean. Like Roosevelt and Churchill, Stalin of course has talented assistants helping him with his speeches, digesting foreign publications for him and probably polishing his *bon mots*. But the Russians do not know this and if they did they would probably not admit it into their conscious minds.

He knows U.S. production

The Russians think of Stalin's knowledge of politics, men, machines and even foreign industrial capacities as equally incalculable. And, in fact, he does appear to be extraordinarily well informed. Last summer he argued with Eric Johnston, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, about America's top prewar production of automobiles. The persuasive Johnston convinced Stalin to accept his estimate. But later Johnston found out that Stalin had been thinking of the total for both trucks and passenger cars—and that the figure he gave for this was right. Johnston willingly admitted that "Stalin knows American production figures better than 90% of American businessmen."

Perhaps one secret of "doing six things at once" is that Stalin never does them that way. He has the knack of pushing everything aside, however briefly, and concentrating on a new problem until it is solved. The Russians will tell you that when Sergei Iliushin was constructing his famous Stormovik plane, Stalin cleared all other work from his desk until he mastered the details of this ship. Then he made an important suggestion which simplified the construction and considerably reduced the building time. It is said that when Chkalov proposed his transpolar trip to America, Stalin was consulted on the type of plane. And when Papanin prepared his North Pole expedition, Stalin became an expert on Arctic meteorology and personally directed the efforts to rescue the group stranded on an ice floe. When Moscow's water system was being revised, Stalin plunged into the study of maps, blueprints and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Stalin's expulsion from a religious seminary in Tiflis in 1899, is shown in this painting. He was studying to become a Russian Orthodox priest but he found revolutionary ideas more exciting.



In Siberia during one of his periodic exiles, Stalin is portrayed as a militant agitator. Here he is haranguing a group of different nationalities, many of them from the Czar's Asiatic colonies.



From a prison window Stalin shouts a message to some political prisoners. Scene in this painting may have occurred early in the 1900s when Stalin was jailed eight times for political activities.



In a Red Army uniform about 1921 Stalin is depicted proclaiming the autonomy of Dagestan, now part of the Soviet Georgian Republic. He was the Commissar of Nationalities during that period.



Stalin's second wife, Nadya Alliluieva, died on Nov. 8, 1932. She was the mother of Vassily, who is now a Red air force colonel, and Svetlana, shown in a rare picture with her father (below).



Jacob Djughashvili (below), Stalin's eldest son, joined the Red Army and was captured by the Germans in July 1941. The Nazis claim this is a picture of Jacob at one of their prison camps.



STALIN AT 65 (continued)

costs. By analyzing the defects in the proposed schemes, so the story goes, he saved the state millions of rubles.

On the rare occasions when Stalin doesn't get his own way, he can supposedly accept the verdict with good grace. Last summer he had a series of conferences with plane designers on increasing the range of Soviet airships. Semyon Lavochkin, designer of the LAGG fighter, reported in *Pravda* that he listened to Stalin's ideas for some time and then told the Marshal that he could not increase the range of the LAGG. "You don't want to accept my changes for your plane?" asked Stalin. Lavochkin replied, "I can't Comrade Stalin." Stalin turned his back and consulted with other engineers for a few minutes. Then he turned to Lavochkin again and asked, "Now, what can I do with him? He doesn't want to. So we'll drop the matter there." The new model of the LAGG does *not* incorporate Stalin's ideas, and nothing dire has happened to Lavochkin. The Russians consider this an amazing demonstration of Stalin's goodness.

In military matters also Stalin has displayed an impressive fund of information, including some familiarity with U. S. military campaigns from Valley Forge to Vicksburg and St. Mihiel. This virtuosity dovetails nicely with the legend of Stalin as successor to Alexander Nevsky, Peter the Great, Suvorov and other pre-Revolutionary Russian military heroes. Soviet histories emphasize Stalin's role in the 1917 Revolution and the civil war which followed. In his book, Marshal Voroshilov gives Stalin complete credit as organizer and builder of the Red Army. The story is that Stalin saved Tsaritsyn (Stalingrad) during the civil war and then went from front to front reorganizing the Red Army and winning battles against superhuman odds. This aspect of the Stalin legend has been refurbished with dozens of anecdotes from the present war. For instance, on Nov. 25, during the first winter of the war, advance units of Guderian's tank forces had penetrated Moscow's outskirts. That night General, now Marshal, Rokossovsky, was fighting a losing battle on the road northwest of the capital. The phone rang in his dugout. Amid the roar of cannonfire he heard a calm voice. "Govorit Stalin . . . Stalin speaking. What's the situation?" Rokossovsky explained in detail. Then the quiet voice of Stalin said, "Hold even stronger. We will help you. That's all." Soon after that powerful reserves which had been training in the woods behind Moscow were rushed up. The German offensive was checked and then smashed.

Another part of the Stalin legend makes him out to be an infallible military prognosticator. While his record may be better than that of Major George Fielding Eliot, he is certainly not infallible. On Nov. 7, 1941 he stood atop Lenin's tomb in Red Square and assured the people that "Another few months, another half year, perhaps another brief year, and Hitlerite Germany is bound to burst beneath the weight of its crimes." A year later the Germans were at Stalingrad.

Such aberrations in Stalin's judgment do not distort the popular image of him as a symbol. The Russian "deification" process can not be shattered by minor mistakes as long as the war is won. And Americans must keep in mind that there are no opposition newspapers in the Soviet Union to remind people of the Nov. 7, 1941 speech or any other Stalin errors. Nor are there any columnists to poke into Stalin's private life.

The average Russian knows far less about Stalin, personally, than the average American. Muscovites have seen Stalin perhaps a half dozen times during his public appearances on Red Square for holidays. They have seen his picture in the news-

papers, his portraits in every public building and office, his statue in every park. The people can tell you Stalin's approximate age, that he is quite short (5 ft., 5 in.), heavy (about 160 lb.), that his shoulders are not very broad but that his uniform makes them look that way; that his head and mustache are large and that he has a sallow, pocked complexion. They would not know that his lower teeth are rotten or that his uppers are black and brown. They know he smokes a pipe, but not that he prefers Edgeworth tobacco.

Most Russians know that Stalin has been married twice and some recall that he has three children. They know very little more than that about his family life. The kind of facts that people know are that Stalin has been jailed eight times, exiled to Siberia seven times, escaped six times; that his parents were poor Georgian peasants, that he was an only son and was educated for the priesthood. They will tell you that while Lenin and Trotsky lived abroad and planned and plotted the Revolution, Stalin stayed at home and lived the Revolution in every detail from printing newspapers to committing acts of sabotage. The Russian legend pictures him as a modest man, but there are no signs that he discourages the rabbitlike reproduction of big and little monuments in his name. The things in Stalin's name are legion; great parks, great factories, great railroads and at least five great cities (Stalingrad, Stalinabad, Stalino, Stalinsk and Stalina-gorsk). Each musical season includes the premiere of some new oratorio like the *Ode to Stalin*. Last summer in the midst of a tremendous Red Army offensive, *Pravda* devoted one of its four pages to a poem from a North Caucasian in praise of Stalin. Soviet poets are constantly trying to get him down on paper in the measured pentameter of 125 different languages. The verse offerings vary in quality, but these lines by a Kazakh admirer are typical of the sentiments expressed in them all:

*He is the strength of the poor
He took unto himself the tears of the ages.
He took into himself the joy of the ages,
He took into himself the wisdom of the ages,
He took into himself the strength of the ages,
He, like the morning, stands over the world.*

Less eloquent Russians too like to lift their voices in praise of Stalin. Red Army men as they rush over the top to face Nazi bullets yell, "Za Stalina! . . . for Stalin!" Militia women, marching through Moscow's streets every night on their way to the bathhouse, sing about Stalin with towels slung over their broad shoulders.

The average Muscovite knows that Stalin lives in the Kremlin, which is not a building but a high-walled fortress containing about 40 buildings—palaces, churches, museums, barracks, gardens, meeting halls and offices. Stalin prefers to sleep at his *dacha*, which is a 40-minute drive from the Kremlin. This house once belonged to a millionaire gold-mine owner. It stands near the Moscow River and is surrounded by a red brick wall and N.K.V.D. sentries. Stalin's closest neighbor is his friend and fellow-Georgian, Lavrenty Beria, chief of the N.K.V.D., or internal police.

He eats a lot, drinks moderately

Behind the gray walls of the Kremlin and the red walls of the *dacha*, Stalin's activities are a mystery to the average Russian. All he sees or hears about are the results of these activities. Stalin rises at about 11 in the morning and after a light snack is driven in his big, black, bullet-proof Zis to Red Army staff headquarters. He sits up front with the driver (a Red Army captain)

except when the car is crowded. Then he takes one of the folding jump seats. This custom is followed by so many Soviet big shots that Russians call the seats "politburos." Stalin spends a few hours studying reports radioed from the various fronts, then goes to his own office in the Kremlin. This large room, with its familiar portraits of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, has had some recent additions to its *décor*. When Stalin became a marshal in 1943, paintings of Alexander Nevsky, Czarist Marshals Suvorov and Kutuzov were added, and last October U.S. Ambassador Harriman presented Stalin with a bust of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Stalin keeps a staff of secretaries busy taking dictation and making out reports. About three or four in the afternoon he lunches at his desk, often alone. Except for an occasional glass of cold tea this lasts him until 10 or 11 at night when he has supper in his Kremlin apartment. This meal takes from one to three hours, and over it he discusses party, governmental and military problems with members of the party's Politburo or the General Staff or both. Stalin eats heartily and drinks moderately, although at large state banquets he has been known to down as many as 30 *stakanchiki* of vodka without any apparent effects except increased jollity.

His private life is a mystery to Russians

No members of Stalin's immediate family have lived with him in the Kremlin for years. His first wife, the mother of his eldest son, Jacob, died in 1917 of pneumonia. In 1919 he married 17-year-old Nadya Alliluieva (which means Hallelujah). They had two children, Vassily and Svetlana. Nadya died on Nov. 8, 1932. Although the Trostkyists spread rumors that she had been poisoned, actually she died of peritonitis. Despite pains from an appendicitis attack, she was afraid to disturb her husband and tell him. By the time an appendectomy was performed, it was too late. Nadya was buried in the cemetery of the Convent of the New Virgins in Moscow. This convent is now the theological school of the Russian Orthodox Church.

The oldest son, Jacob, who has always used his father's family name, Djugashvili, was backward in school. After a period at a technical institute he became an engineer's assistant. Supposedly not in his father's favor, Jacob was working in the Soviet east when the war broke out. He volunteered in the Red Army and was captured by the Germans in July 1941. The Nazis have attempted to utilize him for propaganda purposes, but according to underground reports Jacob has remained loyal to father and fatherland.

While the tall, dark Jacob is said to look like his mother, his half-brother, Vassily, resembles his father. He has much of Stalin's onetime swagger and bounce. Before the war he had a reputation as a ladies' man and a heavy drinker, but he is married now and has made Stalin twice a grandfather. He is small and handsome with a swarthy complexion, black hair and a long nose. At school he was considered bright but headstrong and vain. He often got into fights which were suddenly broken up when a plain-clothes guard appeared and whispered his identity. An air-force colonel now, he commanded a fighter squadron which distinguished itself continually in the Byelorussian campaign. Several times Vassily was cited in Stalin's Order of the Day, but no official communique has mentioned the newsworthy fact that he is the Marshal's son.

The youngest Stalin offspring, Svetlana, is more fair than her brothers and also more diligent. A close friend of Molotov's daughter, she is an ac-

tive member of the Young Communists and a good linguist. After passing extremely stiff competitive examinations, she was admitted to the new International Relations school at the First Moscow University last fall. When she enrolled, next to the space left for "FATHER'S TRADE" on the printed application, Svetlana wrote, "Professional revolutionary."

Although it has never been officially verified, announced or denied, Russians think Stalin is married for the third time. His wife is Rosa, younger sister of Lazar Kaganovitch, builder of the Moscow subway and now Commissar of Railways. Rosa has never appeared in public with Stalin, but it is said that he is devoted to her and telephones her every night at midnight from his office. He rarely finishes work until three or four in the morning. But since he has averaged not more than five hours sleep a day since the war's start, he still manages to spend a few hours with Rosa in the early mornings before retiring.

Stalin is not fond of children the way a good politician should be, probably because he has never had time for such a luxury. Occasionally he sends a car for his favorite niece and nephew, children of his second wife's sister. When he thinks of it, he gives them lavish presents. He prefers their company to that of his grandchildren, who are too young for reason.

Stalin's closest friends and associates these days are Molotov, Mikoyan, Voroshilov, Malenkov, Andreyev, Zhukov and Golikov. Golikov has been Stalin's personal aide-de-camp in his role as supreme commander in chief. He is 44, egg-bald, stocky, a graduate of Frunze Academy with a first-hand knowledge of Russia's allies. In the summer of 1941 he was sent to the U. S. and England for military staff talks and conferences on supplies.

Molotov and Mikoyan are closely consulted on their specialties, foreign relations and foreign trade. Marshal Voroshilov, who now has more political than military significance, is a very close personal friend. Marshal Zhukov is considered the real brains of the General Staff, aside from Stalin, and has the title of deputy supreme commander in chief. He is the personal link between Stalin and the armies at the front. Georgiy Malenkov, 43, is Stalin's former private secretary. He and Andrey Andreyev, 49, are two of the three alternates whom Stalin has trained in his role as general secretary of the party. The third alternate is chubby, handsome Andrey Zhdanov, 48, who is secretary of the Leningrad Party, president of the Russian Republic (largest of the 16 republics in the Soviet Union) and a colonel general in the Red Army. It was he who concluded the armistice with Finland last fall and who is now responsible for making sure that the terms are satisfactorily carried out. Of the three alternates, Zhdanov is the heir apparent. If any one man should succeed to Stalin's military-governmental-party leadership, Zhdanov would be the man.

Zhdanov is built like Stalin, has a mustache like Stalin's, acts like Stalin in public. The son of a priest (some clergy can marry in the Russian Church), he is well educated, cultured, extremely serious and an inspiring mass speaker. He fought in the first World War, became a Bolshevik during the Revolution, but only achieved important stature in the party in the last 10 years. In 1934 he was transferred from his post as party secretary in the industrial city of Gorki to a similar position in Leningrad, succeeding Sergei Kirov who had been assassinated. Since that time Zhdanov has been the most carefully guarded, the most inaccessible man in all Russia. Last summer the only request of Eric Johnston's which was denied was his wish to see Zhdanov.



Alexander Nevsky, 13th Century prince who was made a saint by the Orthodox Church, is one of the great Russian military leaders whose portraits now decorate Stalin's Kremlin office.



Czarist field marshals whose portraits also hang in Stalin's office are Suvorov (above) and Kutuzov (below). Suvorov took Warsaw in 1794. Kutuzov defeated Napoleon in 1812 at Smolensk.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Stalin's probable successor is Andrey Zhdanov. Little known outside of Russia and carefully guarded inside, he is one of Stalin's alternates as Communist Party secretary.

STALIN AT 65 (continued)

Two other key jobs have readied Zhdanov for dealing with future problems at home and abroad. He was at one time the chief of the party's Propaganda Bureau and for many years served as chairman of the Supreme Soviet's Committee on Foreign Affairs. He was so successful in this latter post that a prominent British statesman reported that "Zhdanov is the architect of Russian foreign policy while Molotov is only the builder." During the present war no political leader excepting Stalin has gained more military kudos than Zhdanov. For he is credited with organizing and directing the defense of Leningrad against the 29-month German and Finnish siege.

If Stalin should die before the war's conclusion, however, the reins would be taken over not by Zhdanov but by the State Defense Committee which includes (aside from Stalin) Molotov, Bulganin, Mikoyan, Malenkov, Beria, Kaganovitch and Voznesensky. Then after the war, unless Zhdanov assumes the entire burden, the Stalin part might be divided up among three lesser actors—Zhukov (military), Molotov (government) and Zhdanov (party).

After the war it is considered probable that Stalin will retire as premier in favor of Molotov and keep only one job, that of party secretary. Although his health is good he is feeling the strain of running the world's biggest army, the world's biggest country and the world's strongest single party. Often now the words "If I live . . ." creep into his conversations.

Meantime, until he dies or retires, Stalin's position is so overpowering that his merest whim becomes an edict although he often may not mean that it should be. His household and his office are run quietly and efficiently, taking into account his pet likes and dislikes. He likes chess, skittles, movies and piano music. In his youth he liked to ride and shoot, but he hasn't done either for years. His artistic tastes are simple, almost conventional. When he listens to music he prefers folk songs or the great classics of Russian opera such as Glinka's *A Life for the Czar* or Borodin's *Prince Igor*.

For a busy man Stalin manages to put his fingers into an incredible number of Moscow's intellectual pies. When he expresses displeasure with some creative work, however, it does not always mean that the offending artists are "liquidated" or even shoved into obscurity. He walked out on Shostakovich's operatic attempt, *Lady Macbeth from Mzensk* because the music was too difficult and unmelodious—and besides he didn't care for the story. The Soviet press gave the young composer a severe critical laceration, but he has managed to survive Stalin's displeasure and to write even better music.

One of the most popular young Soviet writers is Konstantin Simonov. Before the war he courted a prominent actress by writing passionate verses to her. Some of them were printed in the newspapers and magazines. All Russia followed the romance breathlessly. The verses were collected and published together with many more intimate ones. When a publisher asked Stalin for his opinion of the poetry, Stalin scoffed, "That's the kind of book which should have been printed in two copies. One for him and one for her. That's all." The book was hurriedly withdrawn from the bookstalls. Nothing dire happened to Simonov except that he married the girl and be-

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came better known as a correspondent and playwright than as a poet.

Stalin reads a lot, although he hasn't as much time for it as before the war. He has a habit of telephoning people in the middle of the night to express his opinion on their books. When Ilya Ehrenburg was writing *The Fall of France*, he had troubles with the Foreign Office censors who were reading his copy as fast as he finished it. The first half of the novel had been sent to Stalin by the author, more as a gesture than anything else. A few days later Stalin called Ehrenburg at the Moskva Hotel and said he liked the book but hoped "you will bear down harder on the Germans in the second half." Ehrenburg agreed and mentioned, in passing, that he was having censorship difficulties. Stalin made no comment, but the rest of *The Fall of France* passed the censors without a single word being changed. Ehrenburg received the Stalin Prize for this novel.

On several occasions Stalin's intervention has saved literary works from obscurity. A war story, *March-April*, by Vadim Zozhevnikov, had been turned down by the cinema committee as too flimsy for a screen play. But when word spread that Stalin had personally congratulated the author, the committee changed its mind. The movie version of *March-April* was showing on Moscow's screens last spring and an impartial observer might agree with the film committee's original decision.

Stalin himself is the world's best-selling author. His *Leninism* has been printed in every language, and the sales within the U. S. S. R. alone are close to 3,000,000 copies. Shortly after the war, his booklet "On the Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union" was published. Within a few days 5,500,000 copies were bought. A fourth edition is now being printed, bringing the total to 15,000,000.

Although his literary style is textbook dry, Stalin occasionally has a sardonic flare. The world first heard about Stalin's crisp, edged retorts as a result of the long interview which he granted H. G. Wells many years ago. When asked if he was going to change the world, Stalin replied, "Not very much."

When the present Finnish premier, Paasikivi, visited Moscow in 1939 on a mission to learn Russia's terms for a peaceful settlement with Finland, he was gravely agitated after Stalin had named the conditions. Said Paasikivi, with a worried frown, "If we brought back to Helsinki such terms as these, there would be no crowds in the streets to sing and cheer for us as there were when we left to come to Moscow." Stalin snapped back, "Don't worry about that—Molotov, Zhdanov and I will come to sing and cheer for you."

Several years ago a Moscow correspondent wrote to Stalin asking about the rumors that he was dying or about to undergo a serious operation. Back came a note from Stalin: "I know from reports of the foreign press that I long ago abandoned this sinful world and moved into the other world. As one cannot doubt such foreign press dispatches unless he wants to be expelled from the list of civilized people, I request you to believe them and don't disturb me in the calm of the other world."

He likes to say the unexpected

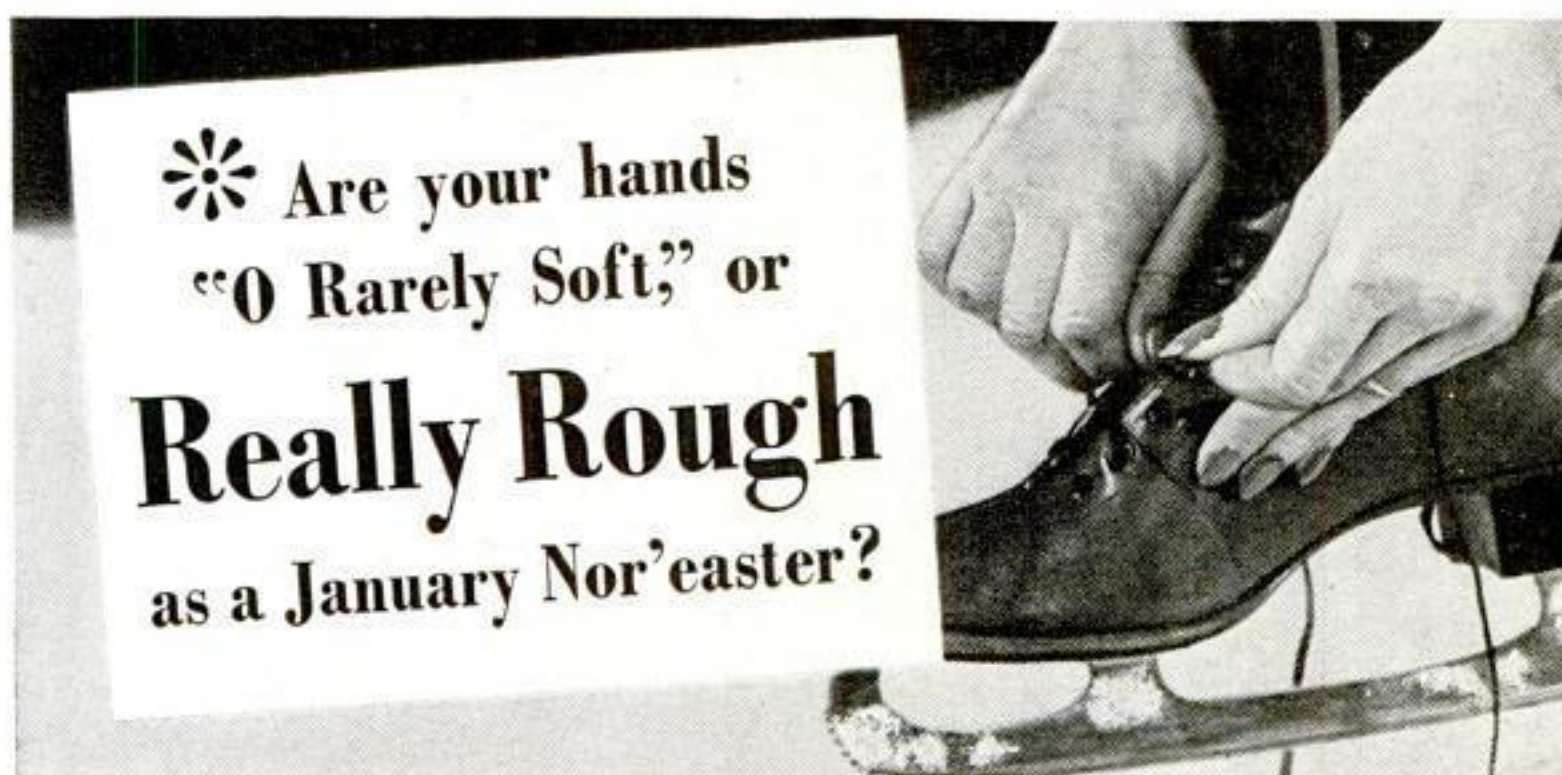
Stalin has talked to no reporters since 1941, but he has met many times more British and Americans during the war than he did in his previous 63 years. Although correspondents are thus far excluded from Stalin interviews, they fill his special mailbox at the Kremlin with a weekly deluge of letters. Once in a while Stalin will use one as an excuse for clarifying some important point of Soviet policy.

Correspondents now get their stories about Stalin by interviewing his constant stream of important visitors. Last August the London Poles sent a delegation to Moscow headed by ex-Premier Mikolajczyk. One of the group was Professor Grabski, the man who drew up the Treaty of Riga which Stalin has many times denounced. During the discussions at the Kremlin, Grabski moved over and sat next to Stalin. He began pounding the table and shouting about Poland's claims to Vilna and Lwów. Stalin said very little and some of the delegates felt that old Grabski had queered the act with his violence. But when they left Stalin shook Grabski's hand and said with a broad grin, "You know, you're a very good propagandist. I enjoyed it."

Stalin speaks and reads no other language but Georgian and Russian although he is at home in many of the Soviet Union's offshoot languages. In 1934 he began to learn English. But he soon gave it up, deciding he was too old. "And besides," he told a friend, "I can understand the Mickey Mouse movies without English." He does know a few words, and on one occasion he surprised some British and American guests after a Kremlin banquet by saying in English, "The laboratory is on the left, friends."

Stalin likes to say unexpected things to his visitors. At Teheran Roosevelt and Churchill were having a chat, waiting for Stalin.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Don't let Winter make your hands look OLD

"DROWSY zephyrs," did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don't you think there sort of ought to be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like... "If you want 'em, use Pacquins—quick!"

Because work and weather chap, roughen, redden, ruin a woman's

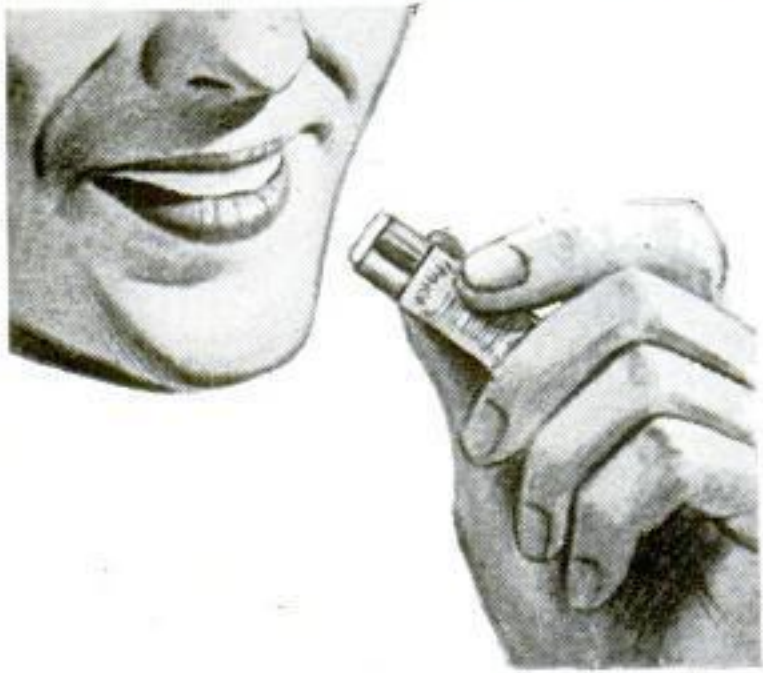
hands... often make them look older than her actual years.

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STALIN AT 65 (continued)

Timing his entrance like a Barrymore, he stepped quickly into the room and in a deep, guttural English pronounced a sentence he had carefully learned: "What the hell's going on here, anyhow?"

Immediately after the Teheran Conference a story began making the rounds in Moscow which reflected Russian impatience over the "second front." The Shah of Persia, went the story, made a gift of an 11-year-old girl to Churchill. Roosevelt was shocked by this Oriental custom, but Stalin quieted him down. "But it's infamous," Roosevelt argued, "the girl hasn't even reached the age of puberty." To this Stalin replied, "Never mind, by the time Churchill makes up his mind to do anything, she will have long since matured."

Stalin's public utterances are very formal and full of slogans, but they do have rare flashes of the human touch. Once during a nationwide radio address, he paused to drink a glass of water. When he had finished—and the sounds of his drinking were audible over the air—he said, "Excuse me, comrade, I have eaten too much herring for breakfast."

At a party congress Stalin criticized Soviet officials who although "honest and loyal" were also "incompetent as executives, incapable of organizing anything." To emphasize his point, Stalin repeated this dialog:

Stalin: How are you getting on with the sowing?

Executive: With the sowing, Comrade Stalin? We have mobilized ourselves.

Stalin: Well, and what then?

Executive: We have put the question.

Stalin: And what next?

Executive: There is a turn, Comrade Stalin, soon there will be a turn.

Stalin: But still?

Executive: We can say there is an indication of some progress.

Stalin: But for all that, how are you getting on with the sowing?

Executive: So far, Comrade Stalin, we have made no headway with the sowing.

Although the Soviet Union is often called the "world's greatest bureaucracy," foreign diplomats say Stalin consistently battles against red tape and bungling. He makes such quick decisions himself that he cannot understand why others act so slowly. He has little sympathy with stupidity in any form. Recently someone tried to excuse an official for making a garbled report on the grounds that he was an illiterate because his parents had been simple peasants. Stalin said, "That is no excuse. Our enemies do not wait to ask about your parents."

For years Stalin has impressed upon government and party leaders the necessity of studying American methods, not only in industry but in office routine. Since long before the war, admiration for the U. S.

has been one of Stalin's strong traits. Years ago he characterized the essence of Leninism as a "combination of Russian revolutionary zeal with the practical American spirit." During the war this admiration for America has grown tremendously among all sections of the people.

Stalin wants peace, not revolution

Another trait of Stalin's, a stubborn one, is his intense hatred of Russia's backwardness. He has hated Russia's backwardness more than he has hated world capitalism, and this fact has saved Russia. This hatred drove him to push through collectivization of farms at any cost, to build up the morale, to promote the Stakhanovite speed-up movement, to make peace with Hitler for enough time to plan and build for the war he knew was coming. Always Stalin has wanted his country to get over its easy-going ways. He kept reminding the people that "to slacken the tempo means to fall behind. And the backward are always beaten."

When he lashed home this thesis, he would conclude by warning that the attitude of the outside world toward the Soviet Union would be: "You are backward, you are weak, so you are wrong. Hence you can be beaten and enslaved... You are powerful, so you are right, hence we must look out for you."

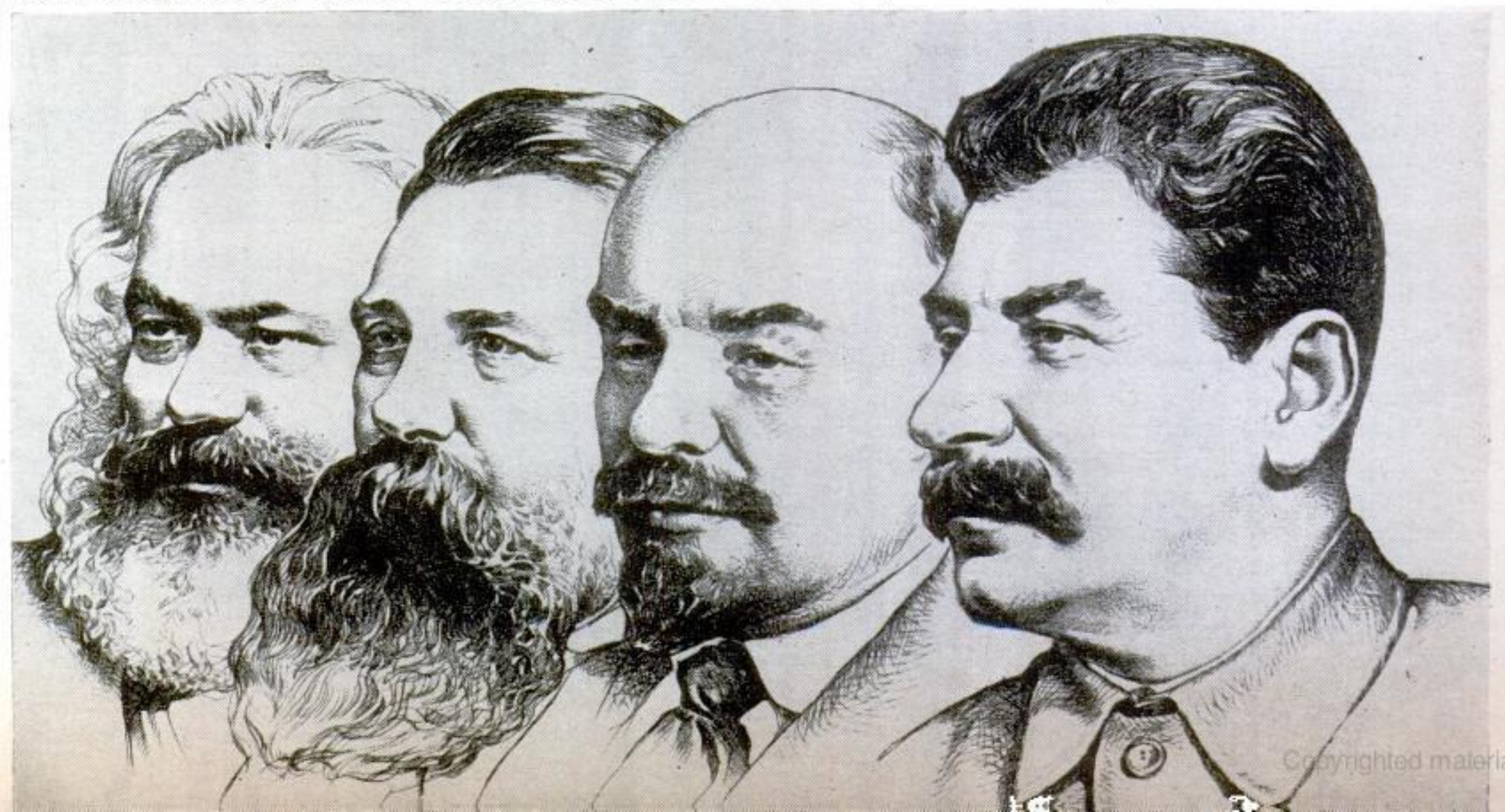
Such nationalistic pleas caused foreigners to compare his dictatorship to that of Adolf Hitler. When Stalin read such comparisons in the American press during the Nazi-Soviet pact, he was furious. He told a British diplomat, "Russia has no intention whatsoever of expanding into Central Europe or Western Europe... Those who think I would ever embark on the adventurous path of conquest blatantly underestimate my sense of realities. People who make analogies between Hitler and myself show they know nothing about politics."

Many people who know things about politics are now saying that Stalin is too old to be interested in plotting and carrying through a world revolution. He wants peace. At 65 he believes that he can make his greatest contribution to the workers of the world by establishing socialism in one country, by raising the economic level of the masses in Russia to new highs, by setting up the Soviet Union as the shining example for others to follow—if they wish to follow.

Stalin may well be satisfied to go down in history as the man who helped drive Russia out of her backwardness, as the man who solved the national and minority problems, as the only ruler of Russia who ever defeated his nation's enemies in the west and in the east. He can die happy knowing that he has lived to see the fulfilment of this poem which he wrote about his country when he was only 16:

*"Know that the one who fell like ashes to the ground,
Who long ago became enslaved,
Will rise more high than these great crags
Winged with brilliant hope."*

IN SOVIET SKETCHES AND BANNERS STALIN IS OFTEN GROUPED WITH LENIN, MARX AND ENGELS, HEROES OF RUSSIAN SOCIALISM



EYES ON TOMORROW

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We know the American public expects great things—new, modern trains; daring designs; exciting and novel innovations; new power; new speed; new riding qualities; new comforts and luxuries; new services and ideas in

travel, in shipping... in a word, transportation values beyond anything known or experienced before.

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T H E R E ' S O N L Y O N E B E T T E R B U Y I N B O N D S . . . W A R B O N D S !



HAND IN HAND, AMERICA'S SGT. KENNETH NAHAN AND SCOTLAND'S JEAN ANGUS STROLL DOWN THE FAMED 2½-MILE "LONG WALK" AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON THEIR HONEYMOON

Life Records an Anglo-American Romance

A Yank sergeant woos a lassie in Edinburgh, weds her near London and settles in New Jersey, U.S.A.

Since probably 20,000 have taken place, weddings between British girls and U.S. servicemen stationed in Great Britain are commonplace. But far from commonplace were the romance and marriage of S/Sgt. Kenneth Nahan, 21, of Westfield, N.J. and Miss Jean Angus, 19, of Longniddry, East Lothian.

Jean was having coffee in a cafeteria in Edinburgh when she noticed Sergeant Nahan, on furlough from a base in England, lunching near by. One look told

her he was the man, but she was too shy and helplessly watched him leave. But when she returned to the cafeteria for coffee that night, he was there again. This time a timid smile drew him to her table. What followed is told on the following pages.

Jean's mother insisted that they wait six months before marrying. Sergeant Nahan wrote his father of his intentions, got no reply. After three months he wrote again—12 V-mail pages. This time his father re-

plied: "Your letter was a masterpiece . . . go ahead."

Once married, the newlyweds encountered wonderful luck. After spending two years overseas, Sergeant Nahan was reassigned to the U.S. By plowing through monumental red tape—visa, passport, exit permit, physical examination and Army approval, Nahan won permission for his wife to accompany him and both were luckily assigned to the same ship. Now S/Sgt. and Mrs. Nahan have settled in Millville, N.J.



How it all began is re-enacted for LIFE in the original settings by Sergeant Nahan and Jean. After he approached her table in an Edinburgh cafeteria (*left*) and she found him as nice as he

looked, she consented to walk in Princes St. Gardens (*center*) where they told each other about themselves. Ninety minutes after they met they exchanged first kiss (*right*), became engaged.



Sergeant Nahan types a request for Army permission to marry after returning to his base in England. Buddies help out. Before the war he worked with his father in the printing business.



On a crowded train from Edinburgh to London Sergeant Nahan held his betrothed while she napped, since berths were unavailable. Her sister Isabel (*left*) and mother accompanied them.



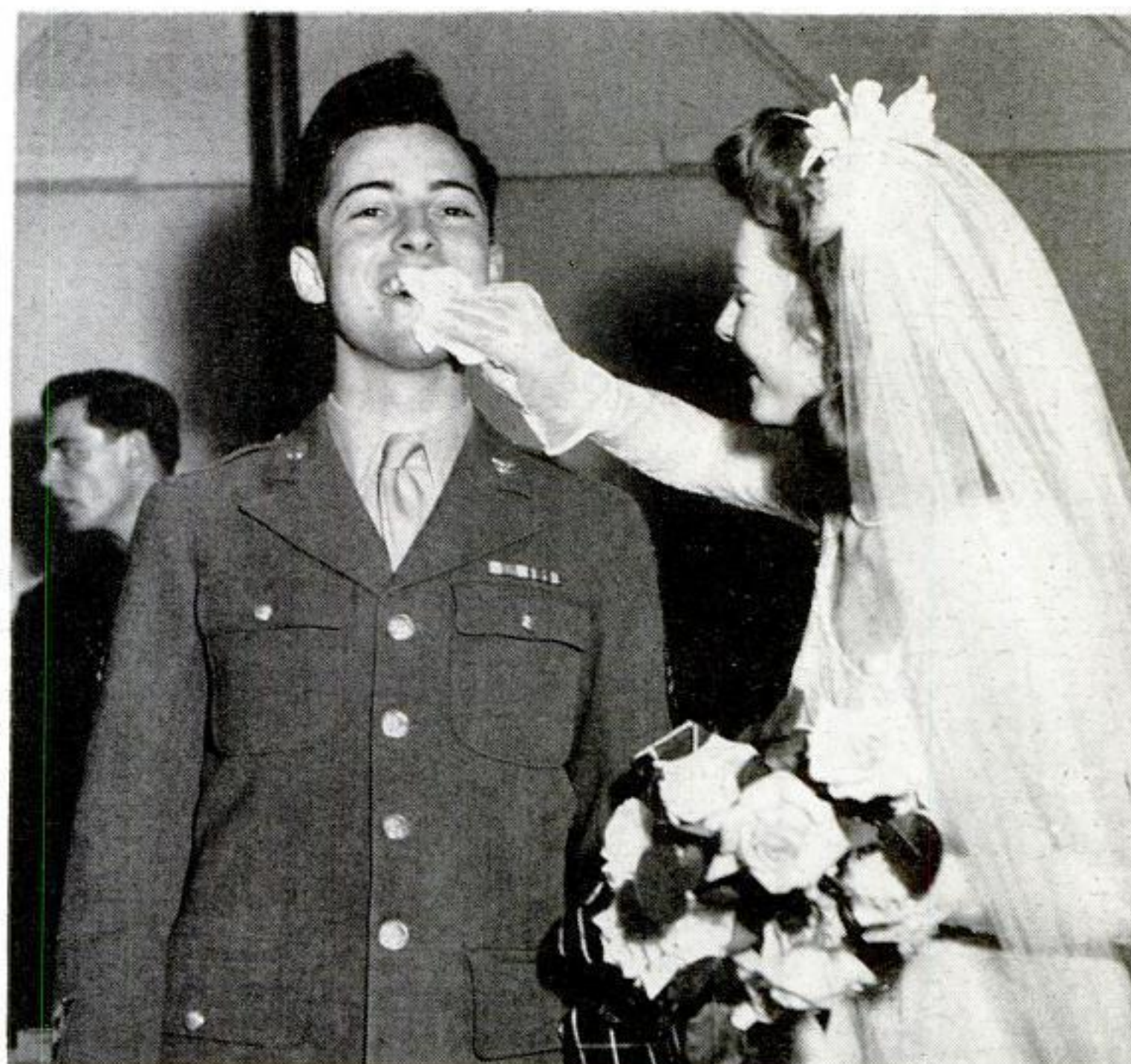
Boating on the Thames occupied some of their time while at Windsor. This was Scottish-born Jean's first visit to England. She spent 54 clothing ration coupons (all she had) on a trousseau.



Army wedding is performed at Sergeant Nahan's base by the chaplain. Earlier that day they were married by a registrar, to conform with British law. But Jean wanted Army wedding, too.



Bride is kissed by Colonel Claire Stroh of the 9th Air Force, who gave her away at the post ceremony. Red Cross workers scoured seven towns for enough ice to make a wedding punch.



Groom is mopped by his smiling bride after WACs who attended the marriage generously lip-sticked him with kisses. Many toasts and dancing in a club on the post climaxed the ceremony.



Early morning tea, in accordance with English custom, is served the newlyweds next morning by the barmaid in the hotel at Windsor where they honeymooned for two days. Then they

went up to London for titian-haired Jean's first trip to the English metropolis. A month after wedding he was made a staff sergeant and three months later both were en route to the U.S.



A home in the U.S. was found by the Nahans in the house at right in Millville, N.J. They rent a room, have kitchen privileges. He is technical inspector at Millville Army Air Field.



Jean coos at a baby encountered while shopping. American groceries' food stocks stunned her, New York's skyline made her cry with joy. She ate the first steak of her life in the U.S.



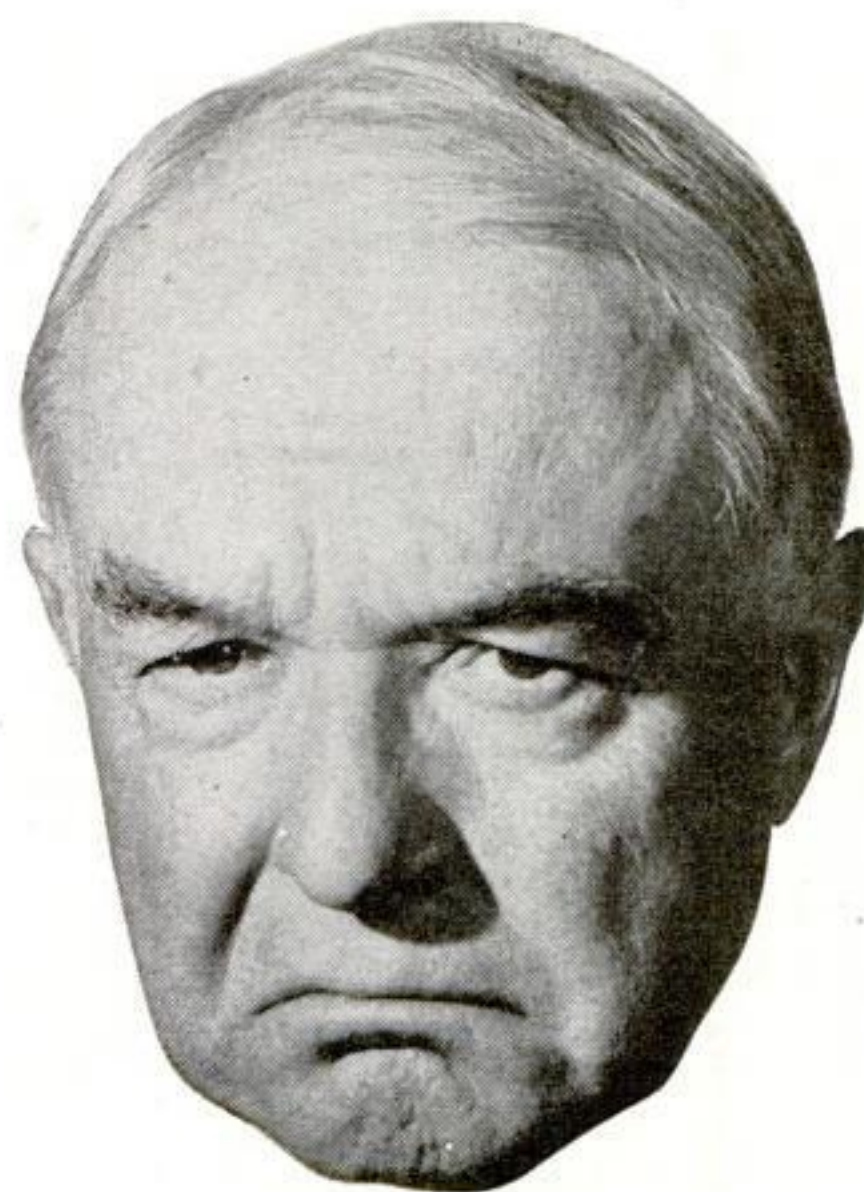
At breakfast the Nahans banter each other, Jean being a novice cook. He will not let her smoke, though sometimes she sneaks a cigaret. He thinks she looks best without lipstick.



New gown—her first sophisticated evening dress—is proudly modeled on a Sunday morning by Jean, who can't wait for a chance to wear it to a party. She thinks America is wonderful.



"I'll tell you **GOOD
TIMES ARE COMING!**"



"I'll tell you
BAD TIMES AHEAD!"

What's it to you?—PLENTY!

OKAY! Maybe the optimists are right. There'll be good times after the war.

OKAY! Maybe the pessimists are right. We'll have another depression.

What's it to you? **PLENTY!** It's largely in *your* hands as to which we'll have.

The one way to make it *good times* is to do your share to help keep prices down now!

That means *buying only what you really need*. It means *paying off your debts, saving your money*.

And here's where you're lucky. The

same program that helps insure prosperity is also the best possible way to get yourself in shape to take another depression if one does come. So what? *You're right both ways*—if you save your money. *You lose both ways*—if you splurge right now.

Think it over, fella. Then get in there and fight. Read—and observe—the four rules to head off inflation. The war isn't over yet. And the war against *inflation* isn't over yet—by a long shot. Remember World War I? The cost of living rose twice as fast *after* the war as it did during the war itself.

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than the ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save*. Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

LIFE'S MISCELLANY

RETREATING GERMANS WRITE DEFIANCE TO ALLIES IN HOLLAND

The rage and frustration of defeated men can easily be discerned from the pictures on this page. The Germans who retreated before British troops in the Netherlands last month wrote threats of vengeance

against the enemy on walls and houses of a Dutch village. Then they fell back. These messages are the sort small boys write on walls, but the Wehrmacht is not composed of urchins. If these signs were painted

by despairing men, that despair is of a special kind which does not involve defeat for the spirit. The signs show that Germans are ridden with the belief that they will come back fighting in this or a next war.



THIS SIGN READS, "IN SPITE OF ALL, VICTORY WILL BE OURS." NOTE THE IRON CROSS



"GERMANY IS UNITED—THEREFORE WE WILL CONQUER" IS PRINTED IN WHITE PAINT



"AT THE END STANDS GERMAN VICTORY." DUTCH FLAG NOW FLIES FROM A WINDOW



BRITISH TROOPS IN A JEEP STOP BEFORE SIGN READING "HAVE FAITH, FIGHT, WIN"



"WE WILL NEVER SURRENDER," SAYS SIGN ON WALL ALONGSIDE SHELL-STRUCK HOUSE



"VICTORY OR SIBERIA" SHOWS GOEBBELS-INSPIRED GERMAN FEAR OF RED RUSSIA



*First
among
fine
whiskies*

THREE FEATHERS

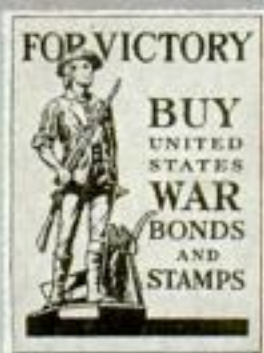
Reserve

*Yours to enjoy
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST*

With its rare basic whiskies* drawn from precious pre-war stocks, Three Feathers is skillfully blended with the choicest of American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers, at its pre-war best, is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies"!

FEATHER YOUR NEST...HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!...Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 12½% straight whiskey 5 years old, 12½% straight whiskey 6 years old, 15% straight whiskey 7 years old.

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



WHY, SURE !

L.S./M.F.T.



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